

PS

2695

R53

RESURGAM
—OF—
LIBRARY
THOS. ROWSEY, M. D.,

No.



Class PS2695

Book R53

120

Benard

Raspelle

With

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a list of names, written in dark ink on aged, yellowed paper. The text is faint and difficult to decipher, but appears to be a single line or a short phrase.

Dr. G. Rowsen.

G U L Z A R ;

OR,

T H E R O S E - B O W E R :

A T A L E O F P E R S I A .

~~~~~  
BY JOHN S. REID.  
~~~~~

"With the flower-crowned Spring, I sing the Summer Rose. * * * * Ever grateful to the Muses, how sweet to him who travels through the briery dell's! How sweet to him who plucks it with gentle hand, to cherish it in his bosom, who lightly raises to his lip the flower of love! It is pleasant on the roof, and on the joyous table, and to the feast of Bacchus. What can be without the Rose!"

ANAC. OD.

~~~~~  
PUBLISHED BY  
SAMUEL TURNER, CHARLES B. DAVIS, AND  
G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN, INDIANAPOLIS, IA :  
MORGAN & Co., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1845.

PS 2695

R 53

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, by

JOHN S. REID,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, within and for the District of Indiana.

51769  
OH

YX 2695  
2695 70







## GULZAR;

OR,

## THE ROSE-BOWER.

---

TOWARDS the close of the reign of the celebrated AGA MOHAMMED, Shah of Persia, an aged Dervise presented himself at the gate of the harem of the King, at Teheran, and requested to be admitted to the presence of the incomparable Princess GULZAR, favorite daughter of the Shah, who was then pining away on a bed of sickness, baffling the skill of the most learned Physicians of the Kingdom.

In vain had the most infallible medicines, the most precious gums, and the most delicious perfumes been mixed and mingled for the Princess's recovery—in vain had the prayers of the most sacred Imans and Mollahs ascended before the altar of the Prophet: the sear and yellow leaf of Autumn had fallen from the tree, the snows and storms of Winter had swept around the bower of the bulbul, and the bloom had long since fled from the rose. But the leaf fell not from the tree unheeded, nor did the bloom pass away from the rose: with the departure of the rose the light of her eye faded, and with the fall of the leaf the hopes of the Princess passed away.

It was now that season of the year when all nature seemed ready to burst forth into joy and gladness. Winter had fled, and the young buds were putting forth their tender leaves, the Earth was robing herself in her mantle of green, the song of the bulbul was heard among the young rose-leaves, the laugh of happiness came echoing along the clear breast of the river; but all brought not the smile of joy to the eye of the fading GULZAR, nor the bloom of health to the cheek of the daughter of AGA.

The heart of the Shah grew sad as he witnessed the decline of his beautiful and favorite child—the hope of his old age—the daughter of his loved and loving FATIMA—and he ordered proclamation to be made over all his Kingdom, announcing the sickness of the Princess, and offering a reward equal to the ransom of a Prince, to him who should restore to health and happiness his only child. No sooner had the proclamation been made, than from afar came the most renowned Doctors of Iran, from the burning sands of Kirman, and the frozen mountains of Tartary—from the East, North, West and South came the young and the old to behold the waning Star of Teheran, fondly hoping that some one of them might be so fortunate as to restore to joy and happiness the lovely daughter of the King.

But in vain did the Magi kneel before the sacred fire of Attar-Quedah—in vain were the most precious passages of the Al-Koran placed beneath the pillow of the Princess, to invite balmy and soothing slumbers—in vain did the aged talk wisdom, and the young dance to the sound of music: like a sweet flower, blasted by the mildew of Winter, the once lovely GULZAR now lay entranced in the dull, lone dream of Death.

Spring had almost leaped into the arms of Summer—

the air was balmy with the perfume of flowers—the sun had slept in the vineyard, and the young grapes were blushing with beauty—the morning had kissed the rose—and the bulbul had made her nest among its crimson and odorous leaves: yet no bloom played across the cheek of AGA's daughter—no smile of happiness lighted up the eye of the Flower of the Harem.

Days had passed away since the last of the learned Physicians of Iran had departed, without accomplishing the recovery of the Princess; and nothing was heard or seen in the sick-chamber, save the noiseless step of the faithful MAIDA, and the sorrowing MOHAMMED, as he gazed on the pale face of his child. At length the alarm given by the Dervise, at the grand gate of the harem, reached the ear of AGA, who demanded the name and import of the visitor, the which being informed of, he commanded him to be conducted to a chamber until he should demand his attendance.

The Shah received the Dervise, seated on a magnificent carpet, in the Hall of Audience, surrounded by the great Officers of State, who, like statues, moved not, nor gave sign of life. Youths, with embroidered dresses and curiously wrought spangled turbans, stood in the distance, like winged messengers, eager to execute the commands of the King; whilst golden vessels, adorned with the most precious gems, and filled with the richest perfumes—rose-water, flowers, and wine—exhaled their odors.

After bowing his head three times until his beard (which was white as wool) almost touched the carpet, the Dervise thus addressed the Shah:

“Most noble Shah, AGA, Sultan of the Indies, Lord of the Desert, and Governor of the World, HUMZA, the son

of MIRZA, has seen thy proclamation, and obeys its mandate. From afar I have come to bring consolation to the heart of the afflicted, and to restore to life and loveliness the Princess GULZAR, the once bright and beautiful Star of Teheran."

To which address the Shah delivered a most gracious answer, ordering the Dervise to be conducted to the sick-chamber of the Princess, forbearing to question him on his skill in medicine, there being something so noble and commanding in the carriage and deportment of the Dervise, that banished at once all fear or suspicion from the breast of the King.

HUMZA, after threading his way through various chambers, perfumed with the sweetest flowers and gums, led by the faithful MAIDA, was ushered into the sick-chamber of the Princess, whom he found reclining on a couch of snowy whiteness, covered with silks of the finest texture. Her thin pale hand lay languidly and motionless on the silken coverlid—her cheek mocked, in its whiteness, the pillow on which it rested—no beam of gladness played athwart her palid forehead, nor did her eye emit one ray of hope: all was sad, silent, and lonely.

HUMZA moved gently to her couch, and took her pale hand in his own. It was cold and damp, as if the dews of death had fallen upon it. Beckoning to her faithful nurse, he requested that the window of the chamber might be opened, so that the fresh breath of Nature might fan the wan cheek of the invalid. It was done; and as the vernal breeze played over her palid yet lovely features, she gently opened her eyes, and a faint smile played or seemed to flit across her brow, and her lips motioned, as if to say she felt grateful. Then all was still again—still as the slumber of the grave.

All that night the Dervise sat by the couch of his patient, watching each symptom of her disease. No sound of revelry was heard in the halls of Shah Aga—the stars of night came out in their beauty, studding the azure canopy like jewels on a velvet covering—the moon, with her pale chastened beam, rose on the unclouded sky, silvering the towers and minarets of the harem—scarcely a breath of wind stirred the orange blossoms that festooned around the bower of the Princess—all was silent, save the notes of the bulbul, breathing his deathless love among the young rose-leaves, and the cries of the Muezzin, calling the faithful to prayers.

But as soon as El-Fagir lit the morn, the Dervise awoke the nurse of GULZAR, who brought him water from a crystal fountain, with a part of which he sprinkled the temples of the Princess, awakening her from her death-like slumber. He then took from his bosom a small phial, full of a medicine almost infallible in its operation, and having poured a few drops into a golden goblet, in which was a part of the water of the fountain, well pleased, he saw it foam and hiss as if under the fires of Attar-Quedah. He then took a ring from his finger, set with a flaming ruby of the most dazzling brightness, and put it in the boiling goblet, which immediately became calm and noiseless, as if by the hand of enchantment. Gently raising the fair patient in the arms of MAIDA, he presented to her pale lips the charmed chalice, which, when she had drank, he placed the ring on her finger, requesting that it should not be taken off until he gave leave. He then replaced the Princess, almost lifeless, on her silken couch, and retired for a few hours to rest in his chamber. The sun was mid-way in the heavens by the time the Princess awoke from her



slumber, during which period a material improvement had taken place in her disease. Her hands had lost their cold and dewy chilliness, and her pulse beat (although still feebly) with a more healthy action; a slight shade, like the first blush of morn, played across her wan cheek, and a dream, as of happiness, flitted athwart her pale brow. As she wistfully gazed around and feebly called on the faithful MAIDA, her eye met that of the Dervise, who was standing anxiously by her couch, and for a moment hung, as it were, in fond remembrance, as on something it had once known; but gradually the heavy eye-lids closed over those once beautiful, now dreamy orbs, and a long deep sigh burst from the breast of the lovely Flower of Iran.

The purple star of evening saw the aged Humza watching by the bedside of the Princess; and when midnight came, with her thousand lamps, the Dervise was found there. Morning came; and when the first beam illumined the horizon, and the prayers of the faithful ascended, like sweet incense, to the throne of Allah, the faithful nurse drew from the fountain a goblet of crystalline liquid, and brought it to the Dervise, who again mixed the charmed draught, the which being drank by the Princess, she fell into a balmy slumber, and her dreams were dreams of happiness—of days that were past—pleasing, yet painful—but such as memory loves to linger upon, and which the heart of youth fondly calls from the shades of the dreamy past.

When the Princess awoke, she had a slight fever, which gave color to her cheek and brilliancy to her eye; but not more so than what was expected by the Dervise. But so buoyant were her spirits, that she deemed herself almost well again, yet scarcely knew

why she wished to recover; for hers was the sickness arising from blighted hopes and a broken heart. Yet she again wished to live; the young heart loves not the dreary tomb; it loves to dream of happiness—to carrol with the bird, in the green wood—to range with the wild bee, from flower to flower; but the cypress shade, and the dark lonely chambers of death, it loves not to enter. That evening saw the Shah a joyful watcher by the couch of his daughter; and with a heart glowing with gratitude to the Dervise, for the assistance rendered his child, he named him Chief Physician of the Palace, and requested that his food should be served from the royal table; and all Teheran rejoiced in the hope of the Princess's recovery.

It has been said by an ancient writer, that the death of a skilful physician was of more loss to an army, than the loss of a whole troop; but O, how much more valuable appeared the humble Dervise in the eyes of the Shah, than ten thousand soldiers! Some thought him an Angel from Heaven, arrayed in the garb of frail humanity, sent by the Prophet, to rescue from death the favorite Princess; while others thought he was the immortal Bocrat, who had been raised from the dead, after a sleep of two thousand years; for although his beard was white as wool, and his locks silvered with the snows of age, his step was the step of youth, and his eye bright as the star of morning.

Calm and dignified he met the approach of the mighty Monarch of Iran, whose smile was the path to honor, and whose frown was the token of death.

AGA was a man of blood. His early youth was passed in captivity, during the reign of the celebrated and renowned Kurreem Khan, as one of the hostages given

for the fidelity of the Kujur tribe, of which he was the son of their late Chief, Mohammed Hussien Khan. That unfeeling sternness with which he received every person that came under his notice, may be attributed to his early imprisonment. Secluded from the society of his relatives, without possessing the sympathies of his companions, he became haughty and morose to those placed under his charge; whilst inwardly he was training his mind in patience, self-possession, and dissimulation—suppressing his feelings whenever they would interfere with his interests—so that, when he had secured the crown of Persia, he brought a mind well schooled in the diplomacy of that court, to wield the sceptre with firmness which his bold hand had plucked from the grasp of his rival, LOORT ALI, chief of the Zund Tribe. A keen observer of men, his policy was to conquer either by force or stratagem—the love of power was the ruling passion—avarice and revenge made up the balance of his heart. No one doubted his bravery, yet he seldom placed himself in situations where his courage was displayed. The emphatic remark of one of his Ministers gives a key to his character: “The Monarch’s head never left work for his hands.” In a word, he was a Tyrant.

It was now the seventh night since HUMZA had waited on the Princess; and this being the night of her nativity, when the star of her destiny would show whether she would finally recover or not, the heart of AKA throbbed anxiously for his child; and fondly would he have watched with the Dervise till the hour of danger was passed, and marked, with his own eye, the rising, culminating, and decline of the heavenly orbs. But HUMZA calmly but firmly forbade him: it was a mystery that no eye save those of the gifted could witness; the hand



that would either save the Princess or consign her to the cave of Al-Barzak, could not be seen by one whose hands were stained with blood.

All that night the Princess slept not. Her eyes were firmly fixed on the form of the Dervise, who sat alone by the window of her chamber, gazing intently on the heavens. Clouds had obscured the sky—the stars came not forth in their beauty—and the moon looked pale and languid; the notes of the bulbul were not heard among the roses, but the wind moaned sorrowfully among the cypress leaves. Anxiously watched HUMZA for the star of her nativity, but it came not. The Muezzin had proclaimed the hour of midnight from the highest tower of the Harem, and a prayer was breathed for the sins of men.

All was again silent; and with a soul agitated with hope and fear, HUMZA knelt before the starry host, and his heart broke forth in prayer, like the outpouring of a fountain, for the recovery of the child of AGA. Beside him knelt a fair form, with robes as white as the snows of Dunwamund; her lips were red as the wine grapes of Casbin; her cheek blooming, and fresh as the rose of Jenan-nile; and her voice echoed the response of his heart. Turning himself quickly round, to know who dared join him in the dreadful service, or who, with unholy eyes, gazed on the mystery of the stars, he saw beside him GULZAR, smiling in beauty—lovely as one of the Houris of Paradise, who await the Faithful in the heavenly world.

The prayers of HUMZA had been heard before the throne of Allah, and a Zephyr was sent from the Fountain of Health to fan the pale cheek of the Princess, (whilst the prayers of HUMZA ascended), breathing new

life and loveliness into her feeble frame; and, like a snow-wreath from the mountain, she slipped from her silken couch, and kneeling by the side of the pious Dervise, breathed a prayer of gratitude to that Gracious Power who had again restored her to health and beauty—rescuing her from the hand of death. The clouds of night had passed away, and the stars came out in their beauty; but brightest among that galaxy the Star of GULZAR was seen glittering in the cerulean—the Angel of Death had stretched his fatal wings and fled far away from Teheran, and the heart of Shah AGA was glad that the hour of danger was past.

Morn came forth in all her glory, kissing the dews from the flowers and the mist from the mountains, and awakening to joy and rejoicing the inmates of the Palace, for the recovery of the Princess.

HUMZA, the gifted HUMZA, was lauded to the skies; and a splendid entertainment was given by the King, in honor of the aged Dervise, and to celebrate the recovery of his favorite GULZAR.

Proclamations were issued, under the broad seal of the Crown, inviting the Princes, the Nobles, and all the inhabitants of Persia to attend at Teheran on the first day of the new moon, and celebrate the festival to be given by Shah AGA, the Father of his People. And they did come: Khusistan was there, with all her beauty; and Fars sent her children of song; the Prince of Kerman, he who claimed the hand of the Princess, came with his Warriors of the Desert, whose steeds were swifter than the winds of Samiel; Mazundereen was there; and Astrabad sent forth her Mountain Chiefs; whilst Adjune and Khorassan were not behind. All was mirth and revelry in the halls of Shah AGA—all was joy and glad-

ness in the Palace of the King. Yet amidst that rout and revelry—amidst that mirth and gladness—the eye of the Princess would anxiously wander over the floating and waving plumes of the many noble Chieftains who came to do her homage, in hopes that she might discover the heron plume of her favorite, **ABBAS MIRZA**, but it wandered in vain. “Thou hast deceived me, Father **HUMZA**,” said **GULZAR**; “**MIRZA** lives not, or he would be here. I know his noble, his daring nature: the blood of a Zund circulates in his veins; and he would dare my father’s anger for my sake, were he alive. Thou hast deceived me,” said the Princess, and a tear stood in the bright eye of **GULZAR**, as she turned away from the Dervise, who was standing by her side. “Weep not, fair lady,” said the Dervise, “**ABBAS MIRZA** has pledged his bright honor that ere this festival closes he will join our happiness. Bockharra’s wilds are distant, and the mountains of Astrabad are high and dangerous: weep not, dearest **GULZAR**,” said **HUMZA**, in a tone so full of love and tenderness that the blood leaped quick to the heart of the Princess, covering her face with blushes, and her eye rested wistfully on the aged form of the Dervise, who stood unmoved before her. “Thy voice,” said she, “reminds me of the voice of **MIRZA**, but thy locks are the locks of age. He was graceful as a pine in the forest, and his step light as the deer on the hill: thou art old, and thy form is that of age; yet speak again, **HUMZA**, as thou hast spoken; the tones of thy voice were pleasant to the ear of **GULZAR**.” And as she spoke, she leaned heavily on the arm of the Dervise, and turned aside from the gay and joyous band that stood before them.

Seated on a balcony which overlooked the court yard,

of the Palace, yet sufficiently distant from the noise of the gay and merry crowd that thronged its gates, the Princess related to HUMZA the story of her love:

“Brought up,” said she, “in the court and camp of my father, Shah AGA, (having lost my mother in my youth,) I became my father’s special favorite, and was looked upon by the Emirs who surrounded his standard as the prize for which they fought and rendered homage,—as the Houri for whose favor the throne of Persia would one day be shaken to its base. No mother’s hand was near to guide me in the path of duty—no sweet lips were by to counsel me in my dawn of life! Ah, no! I have no mother! She whose angel spirit watched over my infancy, and soothed my cries with her endearing smiles, sleeps the lone sleep of death!

“Yet how fondly does memory cling to the fast fading mementos of a mother’s love—how does it dream of and hang over the early recollections of her kind endearments—of that eye that never closed whilst a shade of sorrow floated over the path of her child! In the lone solitary chamber of sickness, she has watched by the couch of her infant from the rising of the bright star of evening until it faded away in the sky, guarding her child from the dangers of the night, whilst her soft voice would breathe a prayer to the gracious Allah, of gratitude and love for all his kindness. But she is gone, and I scarcely remember her death; yet, of all her kindness, O, how my poor heart garners up and loves to dream! She was fair and beautiful as the orange tree in its blossoming, her heart was chaste as the bower of Mossella, and her thoughts pure as the waters of Rock-nabad. Among the young Chiefs who attended my father’s court, was ABBAS MIRZA, a branch of the family



of the renowned KIHUREEN KIHAN—gallant in his bearing, and first in the manly exercise of the camp. My heart soon became attached to the young Zund; and when my father would frown on the youthful MIRZA, my eyes would send him a present of smiles. Enough! we soon found ourselves deeply in love: days, weeks, and months passed away, to us full of happiness, for never did two hearts love more sincerely, or seem more full of sinless happiness: the past was forgotten in the present, and the future seemed covered with flowers. But ah! how deceitful is life! the calm and the sunshine which then were around us, were but the precursors of a dreadful storm. My father had heard of our loves; and in his anger swore to mar our happiness. “What,” said he, “dare the son of a Zund wed the daughter of a Kuger!” and the fire flashed from his eye like the lightning of Allah—his sword was thirsting for blood.

“It was Winter; and the waters of the Zenderoud had overflowed its banks, carrying death and devastation along its course. Seated in my chamber with my faithful attendant, I anxiously watched the angry river as it rolled along by the Palace walls. The court had passed the Summer at Ispahan, and my father had not yet removed to his Winter Palace. Watching the storm of the elements, I had passed the day unconscious of the storm that was so soon to burst upon my love. At length the hour was come when MIRZA was in the custom of joining us with his messamer, and chaunting some of the divine odes of Hafiz to my enraptured ear; but he came not: all that night I felt lonely, yet knew not the cause; some fearful foreboding was on my heart; and when I met at mid-day the eye of my father, it frowned upon his child!

"Days passed away—and vainly I endeavored to learn aught of MIRZA: at court or in camp his name was forbidden to be breathed—none knew, or seemed to know, where he had gone.

"Months passed away—yet he came not: the heart of GULZAR pined in grief, and my father saw the health of his daughter decay. In vain he tried to restore my spirits—the bloom had left my cheek and gladness my bosom. Princes strove for my favor, but I refused them all. Kerman's haughty Prince—he who now prances so gaily on his caparisoned war steed before us—has sworn to gain my hand or die!"

"Then die he shall!" said the Dervise; "for never shall the blood of AZUBAH mingle with that of AGA—the vulture of the desert shall not wed the lamb of the valley!" and he paced the balcony as if the fire of youth again coursed through his veins, reanimating his aged frame.

"Stay, HUMZA," said the fair GULZAR, "thou wilt not leave me in anger; what has the Princess said to offend her preserver, or that should cause him to frown?"

Ashamed of the violence of his passion, the Dervise seated himself by the side of his patient, and witnessed in silence the sports of the day.

The sun had gone down over the tops of the mountains of Zagros; a thousand lamps lighted the halls of AGA, and the dancing girls are leaping light to the sound of music. Seated on his royal throne, in his robes of State, with the crown of Persia glittering on his brow, and the fair GULZAR reclining by his side, on a couch of cloth of gold and silver, with the aged HUMZA standing uncovered beside her, Shah AGA received the Princes and Nobles of the Kingdom.

The dance and the song went gaily round; the young were there in all their beauty, and the Nobles in all their dignity: age threw aside its looks of gravity, and joined in the sports of youth. The heart of the Shah was glad; and he took a ring from his finger, and called for the Bards of his Kingdom, to contend for the golden prize.

Forward came the sons of Jamie, and they sung of the loves of Yusseff and Zuleika; and the children of Hafiz sung of their own loved bower of Mossella, and of the waters of Rocknabad; some sung the praises of Timor, and some sung the praises of their King, Shah AGA, and the hall sounded with shouts of applause. At length HUMZA, the Dervise, stepped forward among the Bards, and bowing humbly to the throne on which the Shah was sitting, he took in his hand a small harp that hung on one of the golden pillars of the hall, swept his fingers across its chords, as with the touch of a master, and thus began:





## AYESHA.

---

O! who has gaz'd on Babylon,<sup>(1)</sup>

The city of the brazen gates —  
And seen, bright gleaming in the sun,

Her gilded domes and minarets?  
And heard the camel's tinkling bell  
Come softly on the ev'ning gale;  
And breathed the sweet and scented air,  
The perfum'd breath of Diarbekir;  
And swept his eye across that land,  
From Syria to Samarcand, —  
Drank of the famed Euphrates' stream,  
And seen the pale moon's silv'ry beam

Play over its translucent wave,  
Could ever dream so fair a scene

Would be one lone and nameless grave,  
And be as if it ne'er had been?

Yet such is now that Babylon,  
The city of that Mighty One  
Who said, I'll gild my royal name<sup>(2)</sup>  
With characters of living flame;  
Who dared to place his regal throne  
Amid the stars' celestial zone,  
And clothed himself with robes of Him,  
Before whom Saint and Seraphim

Veil their pure forms, in reverence meet,  
Laying their sceptres at his feet;  
Whose hand unrolled the spangled sky,  
And form'd each star that shines on high,  
And hung them on the brow of night,  
Like jewelled lamps of living light.

Now where is he, and where are they,

Who bent before his regal throne?

Go ask yon time worn ruin grey,

Go ask yon broken nameless stone.

But they who saw his star arise

In glory in the orient skies,

Beheld that brilliant orb's decline,

Whose light was falsely call'd divine;

And saw that King an outcast driven,

Rejected and despised by Heaven.

His home the wild, or mountain cave—

His drink and food, the crystal wave,<sup>(3)</sup>

The grass that grows by Tigris' stream,—

Fit herbage for the light gazelle.

But who, ah! who could ever dream,

Here Persia's Lord should lonely dwell?

That he who claimed the proudest throne

On which the sun had ever shone,

Should have no house, nor home, nor bed

On which to rest his weary head—

No friend whose smile would chase the gloom

That gathered round his cheerless heart?

Not one was there to share his doom,

Of all his woes to bear a part!

But down the mighty stream of time,

That fallen chief has pass'd away,

And those who bent before his shrine,  
Now bow beneath another's sway.  
For ruin long had wrapt her pall  
O'er Babylon's oblivious wall,  
Until the sword of OSMANLEE  
Had swept in blood from sea to sea;  
And like a wild volcano, flung  
Its burning lava o'er the land,—  
Until the hearts of old and young  
Obey'd its stern and dread command.  
Then war's red banner idly waved  
Its silken folds o'er MAH'MY's tomb,  
And those whose hearts had nobly brav'd  
The desert-burning death Simoon—  
Whose course was like some mighty flood—  
One crimson stream of liquid blood—  
Whose pathway was the ensanguin'd plain,  
O'er fallen thrones and heaps of slain,  
Now sheath'd the sword, and bade arise  
The Mosque's proud domes, 'neath distant skies;  
And countless pilgrims bent the knee  
Before the shrine of OSMANLEE.

The sun is up—the golden sun—  
The immortal God of Pagistan—  
And smiling o'er that silver sea,  
Which laves the shores of Araby;  
His beams illumine the coral caves  
Of Kishma's Isle, and crystal waves,  
And many a bright and peerless eye  
Is gazing on that brilliant sky.  
ALLAH-IL-ALLAH! loud resounds,—<sup>(4)</sup>  
And all the air is filled with sounds

Of prayer and praise,—from every tower  
The muezzin-call proclaims the hour.

ALLAH-IL-ALLAH — God is God!

His sun is in the orient sky,  
And bursting thro' night's sable cloud

His car of glory mounts on high.

The stars are fading one by one

Before the bright, the glorious sun;

A thousand songsters wake the grove

With nature's lyre, in songs of love,—

And leaping from their roseate bed

The pearly dews of night have fled.

All, all is life; in each you see

The impress of Divinity:

We read it in the lowliest flower

That blooms in Summer's sunny hour;

We read it in the grass that springs

In nature's thousand blossomings.

Where'er we turn, where'er we look,

By silv'ry lake or babbling brook,

Or climb the mountain's hoary brow,

Or Ocean's depths we sink below,

Or scan the dark volcano's gloom

Where PLUTO reigns—a burning tomb:

Without, within, below, above,

ALLAH-IL-ALLAH — God is Love!

Why gaze the sons of OSMANLEE,

So deep entranced, on yonder sky?

From Scanderoon to Persia's sea

Rises one wild, one piercing cry.

Look! look! 'tis not the golden sun

They gaze so long, so deep upon;

But in his car appears a form  
 More dread than spirit of the storm.  
 His throne is on yon thunder-cloud,<sup>(5)</sup>

Round which the livid lightning plays—  
 The rain-bow's wreath he makes his shroud,

To veil the sun's lampadian blaze.  
 And lo! behind his chariot's wheel,  
 Is seen the Angel ASRAEL,<sup>(6)</sup>

And black NAKER and MUNKEIR,  
 Whose duty is to judge the dead.

Why pales the son of ABUKIR?

Why is bold ALI's heart afraid?  
 Dost fear to cross Al-Sirit's bridge,<sup>(7)</sup>

Which spans hell's dark and dread abyss?

And, gazing from its narrow ridge,

To hear the snake's eternal hiss?

Fear not! Al-Barzakh claims not thee,<sup>(8)</sup>

Before you pass Time's stormy sea;

The sun must rise from where it sets,<sup>(9)</sup>

And smoke enwrap the Kauba's gates,—

In dark eclipse must be the moon,

As scorched by flame of red Simoon—

And every star shall be unsphered,

And Nature from her centre shake,—

And all that Art or Science rear'd,

Become one broken shapeless wreck.

But then, fear not; thy home will be<sup>(10)</sup>

In palmy Isles 'midst Hyra's sea;

Thy tent of richest, rarest gems,

Thy couch and pillow softest down—

And Asia's choicest diadems

Shall be thy bright immortal crown.

And from Al-Kawther's crystal stream  
    (Which is more sweet than Shiraz wine)  
Shall be thy drink. Thy food, I deem,  
    Will be grapes from the Tooba-vine.  
And Houris, fairer far than even  
    Thy brightest dreams could dim portray—  
Whose home is 'mong the flowers of Heaven,  
    Whose bloom no more feels time's decay,—  
Shall on thee smile through endless day.  
Or would'st thou wish alone to rove  
Through shades more sweet than Murga's grove,  
Ten thousand walks thy steps invite,  
Illum'd with Heaven's celestial light;  
And crystal streams that sparkling play  
Their limpid waters o'er thy way;  
And golden trees, and fruit, and flowers,  
(More rich than aught in Amroo's bowers,)  
And dulcet sound, so soft and low,  
    That hear them once—O! ne'er again  
Should grief or sorrow cloud thy brow—  
    Thy heart should feel no woe nor pain.  
But who is that, that trembling leans  
    Her sylph-like form on Ali's arm?  
Her years have pass'd 'midst fairest scenes,  
    Unknown, I ween, to war's alarm.  
Like blossoms of the lotus-tree  
    Her swelling bosom gently heaves:  
Her cheek is like the lily'd "lea,"  
    Tinged with dewy musk-rose leaves;  
And like the pearls of Zara's stream,  
    When sleeping in their native shells,  
Is her eye's soft and paphian beam—  
    Her step is light as young gazelle's.



It is great NADIR's hope and pride,  
And ALI's loved and loving bride:  
This is the flower of Chusistan—  
The last lone hope of KOULI KHAN—  
The sweet AYESHA—she whose hand  
Was sought from Zaade to Hindostand;—  
And she is there in all her love,  
Like spirit from the realms above.

O! what is half so beautiful  
As woman in her stainless youth—  
A daughter kind and dutiful,  
With heart in which is only truth?  
O, tell me not of peerless eyes,  
Whose light outshines the star-lit skies;  
O, tell me not of smiles so sweet,  
Nor bid me kneel at beauty's feet;  
I'd rather press the stainless lip,  
Though not so fair, than nectar sip  
From those of guile. This, this is bliss!  
Undying, endless happiness!  
And ALI's heart was proud to own  
AYESHA's love, so warm and true;  
For when he clasped her virgin zone,  
And gazed into her eye of blue,  
He found a smile that well repaid  
The watchings he for love had made;  
He found a heart whose inmost cell  
Was all his own, for good or ill;  
A heart where truth's bright seal was set,—  
The stainless, the immaculate;—  
And dreamt that years, long years of bliss,  
Were yet for them in time's abyss.

How vain the dream! Nor sun, nor star,

Will ever shine on ALI's bride!

Unloose, unloose the bright cymar!

Fast ebbs AYESHA's blood-life tide:

How pale that cheek — how dim that eye!

O, ALLAH! must the lovely die!

They bathed her temples in the stream

Which springs from 'neath the palm tree's shade;

Herbs gather'd under Luna's beam,

They mixed to soothe her aching head.

But all in vain: dark ASRAEL

Has stamp'd her with his fatal seal;

And soon the Rose of Chusistan

Must seek that dark and cheerless land

Wherein MUNKEIR and NAKIR dwell,

And hear her doom — to Heaven or Hell!

But ALI o'er AYESHA bent,

With maddening grief his heart was rent;

And oft he kiss'd her marble brow,

Now damp with death's cold clammy sweat.

"O, ALLAH! hear thy suppliant now:

"ALLAH-IL-ALLAH — Thou art great!

"O cause the vernal breath of morn

"Unto her cheek restore its bloom,

"And wake to life her fainting form,

"A ransom from the lonely tomb:

"And give those eyes again their light,

"Her aching head, O! soothe its pain;

"Dispel, dispel the shades of night

"That fast are gathering 'round her brain!

"But should she die, then hear my prayer,

"Thou Ruler of the Earth and Sky:



“O do not crush a flower so fair,  
“Nor make her breathe the plaintive sigh.  
“O, place her not 'neath that green rock,<sup>(11)</sup>  
“Nor in the pit of Hydramut;  
“Her heart would quail beneath the shock,  
“In it, her soul, O do not put!  
“The zem-zem well is far too deep,  
“And I would grieve to hear her weep;  
“But place her in some lovely star—  
“Those islands of the skiey sea—  
“Where Death's cold hand no more may mar  
“AYESHA's dreams of love and me.  
“ALLAH-IL-ALLAH!—God divine!  
“O! hear me in this hour of need:  
“And I will kneel before thy shrine  
“And humbly kiss thy Prophet's feet.”

Thus ALI breathed his fervent prayer;  
And music floated on the air  
So soft and sweet: AYESHA smiled,  
As if her pains were all beguiled  
By those rich sounds; and smiling, said,  
“O, I am happy, happy now!  
“The pain has left my throbbing head—  
“ALLAH has heard thy sacred vow:  
“Come near me ALI—I would rest  
“My head upon thy manly breast:—  
“There—let me gaze into thine eye  
“And dream of love that soon must fade:  
“Say, wilt thou love me when I die  
“And sleep among the silent dead—  
“Say, wilt thou seek my lonely tomb,  
“When Summer bids the flowrets bloom,

“And deck my grave with roses fair,  
“As oft you wreath’d my raven hair?  
“And should my home be in the star—  
    “The first and fairest orb of even,  
“I’ll bind awhile my golden car,  
    “And bless thee with the breath of Heav’n.  
“For I have seen, when skies were clear,  
“One of those spirits leave its sphere,  
“And, shooting o’er the expanse of night,  
“By LORA’s silent grave alight;  
“And like the soft wind ’mongst the grass,  
“Hath heard its heav’nly breathings pass:  
“So I, dear ALI, I will come,  
“And make thy breast again my home.”

She closed her eyes, and faint and low,  
Her breathings only life could show,  
So still she lay: the slumb’ring dead  
    Sleeps not a calmer, holier sleep—  
The bloom for aye her cheek has fled:  
    Well may the heart of ALI weep,  
For never more will she awake,  
    To range with him thro’ Shiraz grove,  
And from her locks the bright dews shake,  
    And cheer his heart with smiles of love.  
Thus died AVESHA, e’er she knew  
What ’twas to love too long, too true,  
Before revolving time had laid  
His hoary hand upon her head,  
And dried the fountains of the heart—  
    Those living springs of inward joy,  
Polluted once by time or art,  
    Life’s choicest pleasures soon will cloy.

She fell in youth's gay sunny morn,

When hope and joy were warm and bright;

When her young cheek was full of bloom,

Her smiling eye was full of light;

And like the gay and young gazelle,

When drinking from some silv'ry brook,

It sees its form, and loves to dwell

Upon its soft and gentle look:

So she, delighted, oft would dream,

Like young gazelle, in silv'ry stream,

Of all she was, and what might be;

And o'er the tales of Araby

She pored with all a hermit's care—

Of MASUDI and AL-KANDI,<sup>(12)</sup>

Of NOURMAHAL, the good and fair,<sup>(13)</sup>

So fair and good she wished to be.

Peace to her ashes! She was young,

And fair as ever poet sung;

And like the diamond was her mind,

So pure and bright: and she was kind—

Kind as the dove that loves to make<sup>(14)</sup>

Its nest on Mecca's sacred shrine;

And time could neither cool nor shake

The love she formed in morning's prime.

Thus fell the Flower of Chusistan—

The last lone hope of KOULI KHAN.



## NOTES TO CANTO I.

---

- (1) "O, who has gazed on Babylon,  
The city of the brazen gates."

"It had one hundred gates of brass, and the walls, which were cemented with bitumen, measured 480 stadii in circumference, 50 cubits in thickness, and 200 in height." — ANCIENT HISTORY.

- (2) "Who said, I'll gild my royal name  
With characters of living flame."

"For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into Heaven: I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will be like the Most High." — ISAIAH, 14th chapter, 13th and 14th verses.

- (3) "His drink and food, the crystal wave,  
The grass that grows by Tigris' stream."

"And Nebuchadnezzar was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen; and his body was wet with the dew of Heaven." — DANIEL, 4th chapter, 33d verse.

- (4) "ALLAH-IL-ALLAH loud resounds."

"The Muezzin-call, which is proclaimed from the minarets at sun-rise, mid-day, in the afternoon, at sun-set, and at mid-night." — See AL-KORAN.

- (5) "His home is in yon thunder-cloud."

"And I saw a mighty Angel coming down from Heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rain-bow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire." — REVELATIONS, 10th chapter, 1st verse.

- (6) "Is seen the Angel ASRAEL,  
And NAKIR and the black MUNKEIR."

"Asrael is the Angel of Death, and Nakir and Munkeir are the black and livid Angels whose duty it is to examine, and judge, &c., the souls of the world, or men." — AL-KORAN.

- (7) "Dost fear to cross AL-SIRIT's bridge?"

"The bridge which connects Time and Eternity, and over which the soul, after death, must pass. It is finer than a hair, and sharper than a sword. — AL-KORAN.

- (8) "Fear not! Al-Barzakh claims not thee."

Al-Barzakh is the Purgatory of the Mohammedans.

- (9) "The Sun must rise from where he sets."

Prophetic signs which will precede the resurrection.

- (10) "Thy home will be in palmy isles."

Description of some of the pleasures which await the faithful in Paradise.

- (11) "O, place her not 'neath that green rock."

State of the soul after death. The Moslems have three grades or classes in their Hades: The souls of the Prophets have only admission into the first, which is Paradise. In the second, the souls of Martyrs undergo a sort of Pythagorean imprisonment in the gizzards of green birds, which feed on the fruit of the Jooba, and drink of the delectable fountains of Al-Kawther. Some fix a portion of the third class in the zim-zim well, or give them a place with Adam, in the lower Harem; while the souls of Infidels are shut up in a dark pit in the province of HYDRAMUT, to suffer torments until the soul and body are again united at the resurrection. — AL-KORAN.

- (12) "MASUDI and AL-KANDI."

Two Arabian Historians and Poets.

- (13) "NOURMAHAL, the good and fair."

The celebrated Sultana of the Indies, and favorite of the renowned Emperor JEHAN-GUIRE.

- (14) "Kind as the dove that loves to make  
It's nest in Mecca's sacred shrine."

"From the fable of the pigeon whispering revelations into the ear of Mahomet, and his almost miraculous escape in the cave, through the appearance of a pigeon's nest, with two eggs, found by his pursuers, immediately above its mouth. Doves are held sacred, and build their nests in the Temple of Mecca. — HISTORY OF ARABIA.






All the next day nothing was talked of except the loves of the beautiful **AYESHA** and the noble **ALI**, and her untimely death; and now that the Princess had so far recovered as to appear in public, the inmates of the harem flocked to her apartments, to talk of **NADIR**'s lovely daughter, and to behold the celebrated Physician, **HUMZA**. Not one of the Shah's one hundred wives but was complaining. Those who had been his companions in his youth, and who had long since passed into the sear and yellow leaf of age, wanted some balsam to restore their faded beauty—to repaint the cheek with the bloom of freshness—and to restore to the eye the brilliancy and fire of youth. The young and the gay wished to bathe in the fountains of wisdom, that they might gain the affections of the aged Monarch: all—all had some trifling complaint, so as to require advice of the Dervise, and to learn the fortunes of the young and noble **ALI**. And the Princes of the Kingdom came with the Imans, the Mollahs, and other great officers of State, and paid their respects to the restorer of the child of **AGA**, in whom they beheld a second **JALANOOS**, the loved of **ALLAH**.

But what said the Princess amidst all this rout and revelry,—amidst all this homage and adulation? She had witnessed the jousts and tournaments made in honor of her recovery, and she had smiled upon the victors in the fields of fame; but she is silent in the presence of **HUMZA**: each tone of his voice she hangs on as if struck with enchantment—each word that he breathes thrills her bosom with delight.

Night has again come with her thousand stars studying the blue canopy as with golden ingots, and the youth and the aged are again engaged in their round of pleasures. The Bards are there, too, with their songs and elegies, and they chaunt the praise of Sheik Sadi, of Zingis Khan, the great. The heart of the young became entranced in listening to the tale of love; and the eye of the Shah smiled for joy. Again HUMZA took the gilded harp of the Princess, and the ear of silence listened with rapture:

## CANTO II.



THE Simoom's breath had swept the land <sup>(1)</sup>

From Marah to the Caspian sea,  
And down before its burning sand

Had thousands dropt in agony:  
While roll'd the Sun athwart the Heav'n,  
More like a comet, furious driven  
By some dark spirit from the pit  
Of HYDRAMUT, or AL-SIRIT;

And now, when sinking in the sea  
That laves the shores of Araby,  
Beyond mount Hor, and that dead lake <sup>(2)</sup>  
Whose waters neither quench nor slake  
The thirst of man, or bird, or beast,

Who seek its cheerless, death-like wave:  
The curse of ALLAH stands confess'd

In silence of the lifeless grave.  
His form appear'd in pillar'd flame, <sup>(3)</sup>

Like that which lit the lonely path  
Of MOUSSA, when proud Pharaoh came

To th' Red sea's bank, to quench his wrath,  
Dyeing the Nile's impetuous flood;  
And all the sky, as if with blood,  
Mocking the purple's darkest hue,

And shaking from the glowing sky

The tropic's baneful, deadly dew:

Where e'er it falls, its victims die.

And over Persia's wide domains,

Dark ASRAEL in silence reigns:

From every couch, from every home,

Arise grief's wild and plaintive moan;

Young hearts are breaking, as they part

From those they lov'd—their kindred heart;

And age is mourning, like the deer,

When stricken by the hunter's spear;

And rich and poor in silence kneel

Before the Angel ASRAEL.

The Harem's light, o'er Kornah's wave,

Floats faint and dim from 'YESHA's bower,

And silent as the noiseless grave

Stands ALI, in that lonely tower.

But yesterday his heart was proud

Of her who sleeps in Death's pale shroud—

For she to him was more than life,

Or all this fleeting world can give:

Her silv'ry voice—her radiant eye—

Her smile, sweet as the sunny sky—

Her dimpling cheeks, like liliated leaves

When dipp'd in wine—her snowy breast,

Like some white cloud which fancy weaves

Amidst the curtains of the West.

O, how we garner up the flowers

Of those whom death has wiled away!-

O, how we treasure up those hours

Pass'd in the morning of our day!

A thought, a look, a smile, I ween,

Of one we loved—a fairy scene

Of leaves and flowers—and lake, and tree—

Of waving meads, where roams the bee,

Extracting from the rose's lip,

The sweets that Houris love to sip:

Days, months, and years before us stand,

Obedient unto memory,

Like spirits, by enchantress' wand,

Call'd from the grave in which they lie.

But when we gaze upon the dead,

No power can make the slumb'rer rise,

Or give the pale cheek beauty's shade,

Or lustre to the filmy eyes;

Restore the voice its silv'ry tone,—

The heart, cold as the marble stone,

Imbue with life—with magic pow'r

Its loves and joys again restore.

O, it is vain!—yes, vain to dream!

As well repaint the rain-bow's beam

When spanning with its radiant robe

The azure arch which girds this globe,

Or bid the south-wind's music flow

From frozen realms of changeless snow:

No power on earth can e'er recall

The spirit from its ærial hall,

Or wake to life the blacken'd scroll

Which once contained the human soul.

Still ALI gazed as if life's spring

Within his heart was slumbering,

Or, like the dew upon the leaf,

Congel'd by winter's freezing breath:

He gaz'd upon the marble brow,

But not one shadow flitted there—

He press'd her cheek, 'twas cold as snow —  
 Her lip,—but all was silence there.  
 Entranc'd he stood, mute as the stone  
 Enrob'd with life by sculpture's art,  
 Whose lips emit no music tone,  
 Whose breast contains no beating heart:  
 Yet he had strode o'er many a field  
 Where Death had bared his blood-red arm  
 And dyed with crimson gore his shield,  
 Yet knew nor felt the least alarm.  
 But now, all silent, sad, and lone,  
 He gazes on *AYESHA* there,  
 And all his hopes, like *Ater's* stone,<sup>(4)</sup>  
 Or *Adin's* dew, dissolve in air;  
 He feels that life no more for him  
 One scene of hope or joy can spread—  
 The star that lamp'd his path is dim,  
 The love that cheer'd him on is dead.

O! could we ope the gates of Time,  
 Where seated on his throne sublime  
 Great *ALLAH* reigns, and view the page  
 Which holds the deeds of youth and age,  
 How would the spirit rise or quail  
 Before the Angel *ASRAEL*,  
 And thus escape long years of pain,  
 Or live them o'er and o'er again.  
*ALLAH-IL-ALLAH*—God is wise,  
 He knows wherein our weakness lies,  
 And metes to man his joy or woe  
 As father would unto his son:  
 From *ALLAH* all our comforts flow—  
 It is his love we rest upon—



Then silent, humbly, kiss the dust:  
ALLAH-IL-ALLAH—Thou art just!

But who is that with flowing beard,  
White as the winter's crisped snow,  
With eye of fire, that never fear'd  
To meet the glance of friend or foe?  
It is great NADIR, fearless chief,  
Now clad in robes of heart-felt grief;  
And he whose soul had never known  
One hour of pain, and would not own  
That life or death could make one change  
Upon his heart, or break his sleep,  
Now o'er AYESHA humbly bent,  
And like a very child did weep.  
O, grief is strong!—that grief which bends  
The fearless warrior in the dust,  
And makes him lean on kindred friends,  
And humbly own that God is just:  
For NADIR's life from youth had been  
Of storm and strife one endless scene.  
Now marking with a despot's sway  
Who e'er should rule, and who obey—  
Whose word was law, whose frown was death,  
Whom to oppose as well you might  
Attempt to inhale the Simoom's breath,  
Or 'scape its wrath by force or flight;  
Not swifter from the skies above,  
The falcon strikes the harmless dove—  
The tiger's rage is not more wild,  
When of its cubs by man beguil'd—  
The serpent's eye not deadlier gleams,  
When basking in the noon-tide beams,

And in its power beholds its prey  
In heedless pastime cross its way.  
Such was the Chief of Chusistan,  
Persia's immortal KOULI KHAN.

Yet he had lov'd in early youth,  
With all the fire and depth of truth,  
While roaming, nature's fearless child,  
With heart unstain'd by force or guile—  
Bright as the sword that graced his side,  
Or pearl of Zara's crystal tide. <sup>(5)</sup>

That he had lov'd, and O, how well,  
Let years of grief and sorrow tell!  
But not that grief which clouds the brow,  
And wears the weeds of outward woe;  
His heart in pride refus'd to bend,  
Or own its pain to ear of friend:  
Alone he stood, like some dark rock

    In Ocean's wild and foaming sea,—  
Alone his heart sustained the shock,

    And scorned to break, or bend, or flee.

His youth was pass'd in Shiraz-grove—

The seat of joy, and home of love—

Where silv'ry founts their waters play'd

Beneath the feath'ry palm-tree's shade—

Where Nature cloth'd in endless Spring,

    'Midst lakes, and trees, and fruit, and flowers—

Where music floats on zeph'rous wing—

    'Midst rustic tents and roseate bowers,

And Houris bright as e'er unveiled,

    Or bent at Mecca's sacred shrine:

But these, all these, in power had fail'd

    To fire his heart with love or wine.

He lov'd too well to join the chase,  
And meet the fiercest of that race  
That makes the jungle's wild their home,  
Or proudly thro' the forest roam—  
The tiger, gloating o'er his prey,  
He lov'd to meet at break of day;  
Go rouse the lion in his lair,  
And you will find young NADIR there:  
But seek him not in Shiraz grove—  
His dreams are not the dreams of love.

Ah! who is that that wildly flies  
Before the foaming forest boar?  
The fires of death shoot from his eyes—  
One minute and the chase is o'er!  
Haste! NADIR, haste! where is thy spear!  
Quick! quick as lightning, let it fly!  
The maiden falls, and death is near—  
One minute more and she must die!  
As quick as light his spear has fled—  
The monster lies among the dead;  
The force of life was in the dart  
Which sought and found its rav'nous heart:  
It fell—but not until the blood  
Had oozed from NADIR's wounded breast,  
Staining the ground on which he stood,  
And crimson'd all his silken vest.  
The shades of death sweep o'er his sight,  
His heart a sickly faintness feels,  
And dark his brain grew as the night,  
When not one star its lamp reveals.  
He fell—but not until he press'd  
The hand that vainly strove to save—

And leaning on her throbbing breast,  
His eye wax'd darker than the grave.  
ALLAH-IL-ALLAH! hear the prayer  
Of MIRZA, Flower of Istakhar!

A golden lamp is softly lending,  
In OMAR'S hall, its gentle light;  
And o'er a couch a fair form 's bending  
Like some sweet spirit of the night.  
A sunny smile flits o'er the brow  
Of him on whom she gazes now:  
It was a dream of Paradise <sup>(6)</sup>  
That flitted bright before his eyes:  
He thought that, robed in flowers of spring,  
He mounted up on Angel's wing  
Amidst the sky's ethereal blue,  
Whose roof was of the silv'ry hue—  
Where, hung by chains of massive gold,  
The stars and planets onward roll'd;  
And birds and beasts disported there  
O'er velvet lawns, 'midst flow'rets fair;  
And Angels, with their radiant wings,  
Bright as the Tooba's blossomings—  
And golden harps, on which they sung  
The glory of the immortal God,  
Till all the sky with praises rung  
Of Him who makes His throne the cloud;  
And Houris, with their smiling eyes  
And ruby lips, whose breath, I ween,  
Is sweeter than the air that sighs  
O'er the musk-groves of Cheenar's Queen:  
But one, far brighter than the rest,  
Awoke new feelings in his breast,—

And bending o'er him, seem'd to wile  
Him to her arms with sunny smile,  
And as she laid her glowing cheek

Upon his breast, and bade him sip  
(In language such as Angels' speak)

The nectar from her ruby lip,  
He fondly press'd her to his heart,  
As if they ne'er, O, ne'er should part,  
And gazing in her eye of light—  
So calmly sweet—so mild and bright—  
He bade her fly to Shiraz grove,

To live in endless, deathless love:  
To that sweet vale—those sunny skies—

Where care nor sorrow ne'er should mar  
Their happy loves. He rais'd his eyes

And kiss'd the Flower of Istakhar:

For it was MIRZA who had stole

(To watch the idol of her soul)

From her soft couch—and now was there

In all her beauty: Young and fair

As EVA, in her hour of bloom,

When ADAM first beheld his bride,

And kiss'd her lip, whose rich perfume

Was sweeter than his garden's pride.

O! who has watch'd love's first advance,

And felt its wild and thrilling glance—

The burning blush—the long, deep sigh—

The faltering tongue—the restless eye—

The heart which fain would join that heart

From which it has been too long apart—

May plainly know what NADIR felt,

As by his couch fair MIRZA knelt,

And heard him breathe again that vow  
Which he had breathed in Heaven above,  
When dreaming, and had kiss'd her brow  
With deep, impassioned breath of love.

The lamps are bright in OMAR's hall  
Where loud resounds the voice of "glee";  
And floating o'er his castle wall,  
Proud waves the flag of OSMANLEE.  
And many a turban'd chief is there  
From Scanderoon and Diarbekir—  
From Cashmere's vale, and Hindostan—  
From Astrabad and Khorassan—  
From Ormuz isles, and Mocha's sea, <sup>(7)</sup>  
Whose waves are one transparency:  
Say, who has viewed its coral caves  
Beneath its bright translucent waves,  
And seen, disporting o'er its sands,  
The Naiades of a hundred lands:  
A thousand gems are glittering there—  
Its caves contain ten thousand more,  
And all that's bright, and all that's fair  
I found upon its golden shore:  
So brilliant are its waves of light,  
They mock the orient diamond quite.  
And maidens with their dark black eyes,  
Like Houris from the sunny skies—  
And Peris from the western isles,  
With golden locks and witching smiles—  
And proud Circassia's luscious dames  
With snowy breasts, and step so free,  
And eyes whose glance emit more flames  
Than all the maids of Araby:



But all must yield the palm to her  
Who was the Flower of Istakhar—  
Fair MIRZA, NADIR's noble bride,  
Who was the hope of OSMANLEE,  
Whose battle-path was like the tide  
That sweeps the straits of Mocha's sea; <sup>(8)</sup>  
For none save him had power to wield <sup>(9)</sup>  
The sword of ANTAR, or his shield:  
In council wise, in battle brave,  
The first to glory, or the grave.

Why shrinks the Flower of Istakhar  
Before the scowl of YEMAN's eye—  
What has he dared to say to her,  
That she should from his presence fly?  
The flower will close its tender leaves  
Before the blast the Simoom breathes—  
The bird will seek its mother's wing  
When o'er its head is hovering  
The falcon with its eagle glance.  
'Tis Nature: and to her, perchance,  
The same had whisper'd in her breast  
That YEMAN, with the scowling brow,  
Would mar her joy and break her rest,  
And was her lord's most deadly foe.  
It must be so: for not one word  
Had YEMAN spoken 'gainst her lord;  
And, save that look which he had given,  
His brow was as serene as Heaven,  
When not one cloud is seen to fly  
Athwart the azure of the sky.  
But he could fawn with words of guile  
And mask his hatred in his smile,

As serpent lures its heedless prey  
And charms its victim's life away.

The nuptial rite is said and done—  
The bridegroom and the bride are one,—  
And haut-boys chaunt from every tower  
The praise of Istakhar's sweet flower;  
And nature seems to bless the day  
That gave the blooming bride away:  
O, never brighter shone the sun  
Upon the Lord of Chusistan,—  
For when his golden beams did fall,  
At noon-tide, upon OMAR's hall,  
Where floated many a silken fold  
Of Persia's loom, inwove with gold,  
And glancing on young NADIR's crest,  
And ANTAR's shield and matchless sword,  
You might have dream'd some angel blest,  
Was sent to guard the youthful lord.  
The nuptial feast is past: and gone  
Are they who graced that festive scene,  
And MIRZA's face with gladness shone  
When YEMAN was no longer seen;  
And days and months have roll'd away,  
And who than MIRZA is so gay.  
Again the leaf has clothed the tree,  
And MIRZA's heart is light and free,  
For soon another moon will give  
An heir to NADIR's noble line:  
The father in his son will live,  
And IRAN's star again will shine.  
Wake, wake the harp! young NADIR said—  
Let minstrels strike the trembling string,—

To-day an off'ring shall be made  
To ALLAH, Heaven's eternal King,  
For he has bless'd my home and heart,—  
Why should that heart unmindful be?  
A tenth I'll give of every part  
Of wealth I own, by land or sea.  
Thus NADIR vowed—and soon was seen  
A thousand camels, on their way  
To Mecca's and Medina's shrine,  
Young NADIR's gift of love to pay.

O! it is sweet, in youth's gay morn,  
Before that heart with grief is torn,  
To hear its first, its earliest prayer  
Rise softly on the balmy air,  
And wafted by some seraph's wing,  
Before the throne of Nature's King,  
Breathe its sweet praise,—and hear the strain  
Which Angels chaunt o'er pardon'd man.

O, I could list, and list again;  
For since my feeble soul began  
To dream of Heav'n or quake at Hell,  
How wild my thoughts!—ah, none can tell!  
Yet 'tis not death I fear to meet,

Nor MUNKER—nor Al-Barzakh's cave;—  
Such fears I trample 'neath my feet—

They cannot shake the nobly brave:  
But 'tis to meet Heaven's mighty King,  
Before whose eye no robe can veil  
The thoughts from which our actions spring—

Whose lamp explores life's darkest cell.  
For what is man—what is the heart?  
That restless thing which forms a part

Of all our sorrows, griefs, and woes,—  
From whence our joy and comfort flows—  
The source of pain, the seat of pride—  
The throne of love—the tempt' and tried:  
What is the mind? Where Fancy reigns,  
And Reason leads in flow'ry chains,—  
Whose eye of Science loves to trace  
The Comet thro' the realms of space,  
And dares to scan those mighty laws  
Which bind and rule the earth and sky,  
And search for that eternal cause  
Whose viewless throne is fix'd on high.  
What is the soul—that mystic thing,  
Like angel sleeping on Time's wing—  
Mysterious being, veiled and bound,  
Like some lone captive in his cell,  
Whose head was once the glory crown'd,  
Before his throne and kingdom fell?  
Go ask the bow that spans the cloud,  
Who mix'd its beams and placed them there;—  
Go ask the sky who weav'd its shroud—  
The sun and moon whose robes they wear;—  
Go ask each star that lamps the Heaven—  
Those spirits watching o'er the night,  
Whose fires illumine the gloom of even—  
From whence does come their glorious light:  
In vain! in vain! no answer they  
Can give to one of mortal clay.  
ALLAH-IL-ALLAH!—thou alone—  
To thee their course and power is known!

## NOTES TO CANTO II.



- (1) "The Simoom's breath had swept the land."

"The Simoom, (called by the natives of Arabia *Shamiel*), under whose pestilential breath all nature seems to languish, and frequently expire. Its approach is discovered by its sulphurous odor, and an unusual redness in that quarter of the sky from whence it blows. The heavens, at other times serene and cloudless, appear lurid and heavy; the sun loses its splendor, and appears of a violet color; the air, loaded with particles of the finest sand, becomes thick and fiery; marble, iron, and water become hot under its action—every kind of moisture is absorbed: when inhaled by man, it produces a painful and suffocating sensation—the skin becomes parched and shrivelled, and the body is consumed by internal heat."

—CRICHTON'S ARABIA.

- (2) "Beyond Mount Hor, and that dead lake  
Whose waters neither quench nor slake."

"The waters of the Dead Sea, the site of the ancient Sodom and Gomorrah, are said to taste like sulphur, and are thick and brackish, neither cooling the body nor quenching the thirst."—SYRIAN SKETCHES.

- (3) "His form appear'd a pillar'd flame,  
Like that which lit the lonely path  
Of MOUSSA."

"Within the tropics there is almost no twilight, the sun shining to the last, with uncommon brilliancy, when he sinks at once beneath the horizon, frequently like a pillar or a ball of fire."—  
- INDIAN TRAVELS.

- (4) "Like ATAR's stone,  
Or ADIN's dew, dissolve in air."

Said to dissolve into air by the touch of man.

- (5) "Or pearl of Zara's crystal tide."  
The great pearl bank in the Persian Gulf.

- (6) "It was a dream of Paradise  
That flitted bright before his eyes."

The Misra or nocturnal journey to Heaven by the Prophet, contains many touches of sublimity which would do honor to the muse of Milton or Dante, were it not for the mixed legions of idle phantoms and extravagant wonders it contains. MOHAMMED represents himself as asleep between the hills of Safa and Merona, when the Angel GABRIEL awoke him; and after travelling a distance that would have taken any other person five hundred years to have done, they cleared, in the twinkling of an eye, the hills of Mecca, top of Sinai, Jerusalem, &c., and arrived at the First Heaven, which they ascended by a ladder of light. "It was composed of a subtile vapor, with a roof of fine silver, from which hung the stars by chains of massive gold. The whole firmament swarmed with Angels, some watering clouds, others chaunting hymns; trees, whose stems were of gold, and their leaves and fruit pearls and the most precious gems; Houris, whose breath was sweet as the blossom of the Tooba, whose complexions were rubies, and whose eyes were like pearls hidden in their shells." — AL-KORAN.

- (7) "From Ormuz Isles and Mocha's Sea  
Whose waves are one transparency."

"It is beautiful to look down into this brightly transparent sea, and mark the coral, in large masses of honey-comb rock, of pale red, or blue, and the golden sand, with its beds of green sea-weed and shells, and to witness the fish disporting around the vessel, showing their shining bodies, radiant as the colors of the rain-bow. A rope dipped in its waters, and drawn quickly up, appeared like a string of gems, but with a life and light, and motion the diamond does not know." — EASTERN SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS.



(8) "That sweeps the straits of Mocha's Sea."

This strait, so often fatal to the early navigators, is called by the Arabs, *Bab-el-Madeb*, or the gate of tears: while the opposite coast, black and rugged, is styled the cape of burials or graves.

(9) "For none save he had power to wield  
The sword of ANTAR, or his shield."

ANTAR was the Hercules of the Arabs, and was the author and hero of the romance which bears his name. With his sword or lance he killed in one action eight hundred men."—WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.



Each day the Princess recovered in health and strength, and Shah AGA rejoiced for his child. The Chiefs of his Kingdom thronged around him seeming to pay most willing homage: feats of honorable chivalry were performed between the rival princes—all were anxious to win a smile from the lovely GULZAR, and many a sweet one did she give to them who carried themselves gallantly on the tented plain. Yet ever and anon would her eye wander anxiously, looking for the heron plume of ABBAS MIRZA, and her heart would almost sink within her, as it returned back empty from its wanderings, until the voice of HUMZA would recall her from her reverie, as he pointed out some chieftain as the victor of the field.

The change which the Dervise had given to the loves of ALI and AYESHA, by those of NADIR, Shah, and his favorite MIRZA, was highly applauded, and Shah AGA was anxious to know the result. The Bards of the Harem gave way to the song of the stranger; and as HUMZA took the harp in his hand and tenderly swept his fingers across its golden wires, a tear fell from the eye of the Princess, and a sigh escaped from the breast of the King.



### CANTO III.



Loud sounds the mirth in NADIR's hall,  
The Mesamer and Hadou ring,<sup>(1)</sup>  
And from his Harem's highest wall  
The crescent flaps its silken wing.  
A thousand lamps are softly gleaming  
'Neath domes of richest arabesque,  
And many a bright eye there is beaming  
Thro' silken veils, and rich moresque;  
And Emirs, with their robes of green,  
And Pashas, from the distant Ind,  
Are prancing o'er that fairy scene  
With horse-tails streaming in the wind;<sup>(2)</sup>  
And youths, in gay and light attire,  
Wheel in the sportive mazy dance,  
Or wield the sword in mimic ire,  
The Jered throw, or couch the lance;  
And dancing girls and Aenzees<sup>(3)</sup>  
With decked Rebaba chaunt their song;  
And all that e'er can charm or please,  
Is there, the gladness to prolong.  
It is a night of joy to all—  
A child is born in NADIR's hall,—  
And proud the father shows his child  
Unto the Chiefs of plain and wild,

And points her as a prize for those

Whose plume is foremost in the fight,—  
Whose sword first drinks the blood of foes,

Whose back was never known in flight.  
Fill high the cup of Shiraz wine

Till mirth has all your cares beguil'd—  
The pledge be NADIR's noble line—

The pledge be joy to NADIR's child.

But who is that who gently leans

Her radiant form by NADIR's side?

Her hair is deck'd with richest gems

That earth or sea could e'er provide,—

Her eyes are like the pearly dew,

Seen glittering through the haze of morn,

Or sleeping on the violet's blue

And velvet leaf, at dawn of morn;

And from their dark eye-lashes beam

The happy smiles of matron love,

So soft and tender one might dream

Her home was in the realms above:

And one by one the Pashas came

To bend the knee 'fore NADIR's throne.

Why shrinks that form at YEMAN's name?

Again what fears do MIRZA own?

For nearer to her lord she clings,

And clasps with anxious heart her child,

And o'er its form her robe she flings

As if afraid of force or guile.

Fear not!—what hand would dare to mar

So fair a cheek, or wound that breast

Where love has placed his glittering star,

And virtue built her sacred nest?



Not YEMAN'S soul, tho' e'er so dark,  
Would bend his bow at such a mark!

There was a bower in Shiraz grove <sup>(4)</sup>  
Once sacred to the Queen of Love,—  
Its walls were of the silver white,

Its roof was gold, inlaid with gems,—  
The fairest flowers, the richest fruit

Hung clustering on their tender stems,  
And fragrance breathed in all around,  
While music rode on ev'ry sound;  
And streamlets play'd among the trees

Whose foliage veil'd the glowing sun,  
Admitting but the sighing breeze

To fan the cheek it rested on.

Soft was the night, and sweet the hour  
When I with MIRZA sought that bower—

Not brighter was the virgin sky

When young creation met its eye—

The stars that gem'd its azure brow

Were not more pure than they were now;

And mildly shone the gentle moon,

Lamping the sweet and balmy night,  
While from the rose the Bulbul's tune <sup>(5)</sup>

Melted the soul to soft delight.

'Tis past! 'tis past!—and what need I

Repaint the charms of earth and sky?

A rustling 'mong the laurel leaves

Told that some impious foot was near:

I drew my sword—an arrow cleaves,

With whizzing sound, the viewless air,

Another struck my diamond star,

And glancing, slightly pierc'd my chest;—

With force and rage that nought could bar  
I sprung upon the traitor's breast:  
'Twas YEMAN!—Soon my slaves were round,  
Unharm'd I bade them lead him bound  
To Zem's dark dungeon:—well you know  
Who enters there no more can tell  
The anxious world the tales of woe  
That echo through its lonely cell.

But hark!—from out the bower of love  
A mourning sound breaks on my ear:  
O! ALLAH!—Thou who rul'st above—  
Thou only knew my heart felt fear!  
With frantic step and tottering limb  
I entered, and on MIRZA cried:  
No voice replied,—my eyes grew dim—  
O! ALLAH! would that I had died!  
I saw that blood had stain'd the ground,  
And found her bleeding, faint, and low—  
Life issuing from a gory wound  
Made by dark YEMAN's fatal bow!  
Slowly she rais'd her filmy eye,  
And on me smiled,—but oh, how faint!  
I kiss'd her cheek in agony,  
And o'er her form in silence bent.  
O, Thou who rul'st the starry sphere,  
Do thou in mercy hear my prayer:  
O! send Thy guardian Angel here,  
And save the flower of Istakhar!  
In vain! in vain!—no Seraph came  
To fan life's feeble flickering flame—  
While oozing from her wounded side  
Fast flowed her heart's red-crimson tide:

And paler, paler grew that cheek  
On which the roses lov'd to play,  
And leaning on me, faint and weak,  
Her spirit sought the realms of day.

I did not mourn, I did not weep,—  
My grief was far too dark and deep;  
And few save YEMAN knew the tale,  
How MIRZA bled—how MIRZA fell!  
And *he* was deep in dungeon cave,  
Silent and secret as the grave,  
Where still he lies. O! it would be  
Mercy to quench his agony!  
But never on that glorious sun

Shall ever YEMAN gaze again:  
Till NADIR's sands of life are run,  
His life shall be unmingled pain;—  
For I have sworn on ANTAR's sword,  
That pain and grief should wring his soul,  
Until that soul and body part,

And YEMAN be one blacken'd scroll!  
Revenge is sweeter far than life,

And it is stronger than the grave!  
Go ask the fields of war and strife—

Go ask dark Ocean's stormy wave.  
O, could the brilliant stars of light,  
Unveil the secret crimes of night—  
The orient sun write in the sky

The deeds of blood that's met his eye—  
And that soft moon, which softly plays

Its lurid light o'er Kornah's stream,  
One half the guilt that's met her gaze,  
Or stain'd with blood her silv'ry beam—

Or could the grave unearth its dead,  
And bid each tongue proclaim its crime,—  
Oh! ALLAH! how would mankind dread  
To gaze upon the guilt of time!  
The hawk will nurse its tender brood—  
The tiger, thirsting after blood,  
Will fawn and purr around its young,  
As if its heart's cords all were strung  
With softest love,—and from the brake,  
Where dwells the deadly pois'nous snake,  
Sweet sounds will greet the ear of night,—  
And 'neath the dark and deep green wave,  
The lamp of love is seen to light  
The darkness of the coral cave:—  
But only mankind dare to dye  
Their guilty hands with kindred blood,  
And proudly give the world the lie—  
That e'er their souls were form'd for good.  
ALLAH-IL-ALLAH!—God Divine!  
Illume with light this soul of mine!

But YEMAN 's in that lonely cell,  
Where mercy's godlike heavenly voice  
Was never heard,—where only dwell  
The demon slaves of force and guile;  
And I have watched from Mogreb's hour  
Until El-Fadjir lit the morn,  
Dark YEMAN writhing 'neath my power,—  
Blasting his hopes with looks of scorn:  
His life was one unvarying scene  
Of thrilling pain and anguish keen:  
I parched his lips until his breath  
Was hotter than the fires of death,—

Till madness seiz'd his burning brain,  
 And reason fled in wild despair,  
 And Zem's lone cave, with shrieks of pain,  
 Resounded back his frenzied prayer.  
 He pray'd for death,—and O, how sweet  
 He would have knelt at ASRAËL's feet,  
 Although his soul would have been shut  
 Within the cave of HYDRAMUT!—  
 He would have 'scaped the taunts and scorn  
 Of one whom now 'twas death to see,—  
 And gladly, gladly would have borne  
 The torments of hell's fiery sea.

But YEMAN lives, and still must live  
 Thro' years of grief and lone decay:  
 Life is a gift I cannot give,  
 And his I shall not take away:—  
 Revenge is sweet!—and I have quaffed  
 With maddening joy her demon draught!  
 And fired with luscious wine my veins  
 That I might gloat on YEMAN's pains,—  
 Pouring upon his guilty head  
 Hell's burning lava of the dead;  
 And I have made his bosom feel,  
 For every pang that MIRZA felt,  
 A thousand!—such as fire or steel  
 By mortal, e'er was dreamt or dealt:  
 He made my home, my hearth, my heart,  
 Which once was deemed the seat of bliss,  
 A lonely waste, that hand of art  
 Could ne'er again in time redress.  
 The flower that fades 'fore dread Simoom  
 'Neath vernal skies again will bloom—

The cloud that veils the star of night,  
Passing like sorrow o'er its brow,  
Leaves not one trace to mar its light,  
Or quench the fire which makes it glow —  
And time will dim the lines of grief,  
That, like lone spirits, flickering play  
O'er beauty's cheek, and give relief,  
Chasing the cause of pain away:—  
But, ALI, never did my heart  
Forget one moment YEMAN's crime!  
For MIRZA's love was on that heart  
But deeper 'grav'd by hand of time:  
I did not mourn, I did not weep,—  
No ear heard ever NADIR sigh—  
My grief was far too dark and deep  
To meet the glance of human eye:  
But ALLAN knows how well I've kept  
The vow I made when others wept—  
While yet my heart was like my sword,  
Unstain'd by fraud, or force, or crime,  
And glory's eagle proudly soar'd  
With NADIR's fame from clime to clime.

But, ALI, thou art young, and woe  
Sits lightly on thy manly brow;  
Thy heart is like the sparkling stream  
Of Helmind, or the lucid beam  
Of that sweet moon, which now is smiling  
In sinless beauty, calm and bright,  
The watches of the night beguiling  
With her bright rays of living light.  
But stain it once, and stain'd forever:  
No art nor power can make it yield—



Its lustre is eclips'd forever,  
Like rayless orb, or tarnished shield.

O! could I pluck yon star so bright  
From out the deep blue azure sky,  
'Twould dim before thy spirit's light,  
'Twould quail before thy fearless eye:  
For I have mark'd thy dauntless crest  
O'er many a dark and dismal field,  
When fear might thrill the bravest breast,  
When it was death to fly or yield,—

And oft in Shiraz sacred grove  
On thee and 'YESHA I have smil'd,  
Well pleas'd to see that ALI's love  
Was placed on NADIR's only child.  
Now these are past;—and thou, like me,  
Alone must cross life's stormy sea,  
For never more the heart again,  
Can feel the pleasure or the pain  
That once it felt—when thro' it thrill'd

Love's first, and purest, deepest glance,  
And fancy led, where'er it will'd,

The restless mind. O! ne'er, perchance,  
Will on thee smile so bright an eye,  
As now is smiling from the sky!  
Look! ALI, look!—I see her there!  
I know her by her silken hair;  
Those jewell'd lamps which round her shine,  
Are like the lamps of Mecca's shrine,  
Or those which 'round the Prophet's tomb<sup>(6)</sup>  
Shed their soft rays and sweet perfume,—  
I know her by her white Cymar  
And diamond zone:—it is the star

That 'YESHA lov'd to gaze upon,  
When night would throw her mantle deep  
Across the sky,—and morning's sun  
On evening's breast would fall asleep.  
Come ALI, let us mount our steeds,  
And join her in those star-lit meads,  
And bring with thee my lance and bow,  
That we may hunt the light gazelle,—  
For well, I wot, does ALI know  
That NADIR loves the chase so well.

Bear with me, ALI, NADIR said,  
I feel a fire within my brain,  
That racks with pain my aged head,  
Till madness has usurp'd the reign:  
I'm like a deer, who, long at bay,  
Has stood against the ills of time—  
Thou, like a fawn at break of day,  
Rejoicing in thy manhood's prime,  
And thought not that dark ASRAEL  
Would ever near thee set his seal,  
And dream'd not that in Shiraz-grove—  
Within the blissful bowers of love—  
He there would come with fatal kiss,  
And mar and blast thy happiness.  
So thought I once:—you know my tale.  
O! I was happy, happy then!  
Straying with MIRZA thro' the vale,  
And never thought of grief or pain.  
Come near me, ALI—let us gaze  
Thus hand in hand upon the dead,—  
'Tis all we have of her whose rays  
Of love across our path were shed.

How motionless, how still is Death!  
Those pallid lips return no breath—  
That eye how dark, its lustre gone—  
That brow how damp, and cold as stone:—  
Still beauty lingers on that cheek

As if 't was loth to leave its shrine.  
Speak, ALI! to AYESHA speak—  
She yet may hear that voice of thine!

Ah, no!—she never more will hear  
The silv'ry tones of ALI's voice,  
Which oft was music to her ear,  
Bidding her inmost soul rejoice—  
For he to her was as the light  
Of summer skies at dewy night—  
And like the music of the flowers  
When the soft wind thro' myrtle bowers  
Sighs faint and sweet,—not fonder breath'd

The Bulbul to the fragrant rose  
His deathless love, than ALI weav'd  
The tender tale of all his woes:—  
And then he sung of tented plains,  
And turban'd chiefs, with lance and spear,  
Whose pathway led o'er heaps of slain,  
Whose heart knew neither love nor fear,—  
And warriors from a distant land,  
Whose soul was like the sword they wore,—  
From Cashmere and Samaracand,

And from the sacred Ganges' shore.  
Thus he from themes would weave a tale  
That, breath'd in Summer's balmy gale,  
Would charm the heart of 'YESHA's love,  
Waking sweet feelings in the breast—

Such feelings as in Heaven above,  
Live in the bosoms of the blest.

ALI, come near me, NADIR said,  
Thou art more dear to me than ever:  
The one we fondly lov'd is dead—

Yes, she is dead, and gone forever!  
Thou art my son—my throne is thine,  
Sole guardian of the Prophet's shrine,  
That faith for which our fathers trod  
O'er fields of dead, thro' seas of blood,  
Is now entrusted to thy care,  
Brave son of faithful ABUKEIR.

And well 'tis so, for it will crave  
A heart that is both wise and brave:  
Dread tidings circle thro' the land

Of Sheahs gathering from those seas  
Which bound the realms of Dagistand,  
To crush the faith of the Sonnees.

AVESHA's dead,—and thou must make  
The land that gave thee birth, thy bride,  
And blast the hand that dares to shake

Thy faith or throne, while by thy side  
One Moslem stands, for much I fear  
Time's fated end is drawing near—  
I feel that life within my breast

Is waxing feeble, and my soul  
Longs to behold those islands blest,

Whose flowers and fruit are gems and gold.  
But be thou happy: I may yet

Be spared to bless thee—tho' I feel  
As if the fatal seal was set  
Upon my heart by ASRAEL.

Here, ALI, let me place the sword  
Of mighty ANTAR by thy side:  
It knows no hand save Persia's lord—  
None lives who e'er its power defied;  
But never draw it in a cause  
That is 'gainst God's or nature's laws,  
And sheath it not until the foe  
Has bent before thee in the dust,  
And nations at thy mandate bow:  
ALLAH-IL-ALLAH!—God is just!

The moon shines bright on Kornah's wave,  
The stars are sparkling in the sky,  
But all is silent as the grave,  
When nought disturbs the ear or eye.  
Beside a couch where perfum'd lamps,  
Fed by Acacia's fragrant oil,  
Shed their soft light, and silence stamps  
The sleeper free from care or toil,  
Young ALI stood, in weeds of woe;  
And many an Imaum round him pray'd,  
Whilst music breathed its numbers low,  
Chanting an anthem for the dead.  
O! lay her not, young ALI said,  
Beneath that dark and dismal stone!  
I know the chambers of the dead  
At best are dreary, sad, and lone:  
The opening of those iron gates  
Too harshly on my feelings grates—  
Those massive doors, and yon dark tomb,  
Rising like Hades thro' the gloom,  
Accords not with AYESHA: No!  
Her soul was never form'd for woe!

O! bear her hence! and 'neath the tree  
Which well she lov'd—where oft with me  
She pass'd the sunny hour of even—  
There make her tomb: there let her rest,  
So that the pearly dews of Heaven,  
Like glittering stars, may gem her breast:  
And let a thousand roses bloom  
Upon *AYESHA*'s peaceful grave,  
Freighting the air with rich perfume,—  
That when I stray by *Kornah*'s wave,  
At dewy eve or sunny morn,  
Breathing its balmy fragrant air,  
My thoughts may be of her whose form  
Was lighter than the gossamer,  
Whose soul was purer than the sky.

Beneath the sweet *Acacia* tree,  
Whose milk-white blossoms scent the breeze  
That wanders from the *Persian* sea,  
Murmuring its choral symphonies,  
*AYESHA* sleeps—and o'er her tomb  
The violet and the rose-tree bloom,  
And soft and sweet the *Bulbul* breathes  
Its plaintive melting song afar,  
Mourning among the the rose's leaves,  
The lovely Flower of *Istakhar*.

O, why are the maidens of *Chusistan* weeping,  
Why wear they the emblems of sorrow and woe?  
O, is it because that the lovely is sleeping—  
The Light of the Harem is lonely and low?  
No more will *AYESHA*, love's mesamer singing,  
Leap light as the fawn at the break of the day,



For over her bosom the rose-tree is springing,  
Where sweetly the Bulbul is chaunting his lay,  
O, well may young ALI for Chusistan's Flower  
Go mourning in sadness by Kornah's bright wave,  
For the heart that he lov'd more than Chusistan dower,  
Lies pulseless, and lonely, and cold in the grave!  
Weep, weep then, ye maidens, in silence and sadness,  
The tears of affliction, of friendship, and woe,—  
No more will AYESHA e'er join in thy gladness—  
The Light of the Harem is lonely and low!



## NOTES TO CANTO III.

---

(1) "The Mesamer and Hadou ring."

"The Mesamer is a species of song common all over Araby, in which the youth of both sexes join in the chorus, accompanying it with clapping of hands and various motions of the body, and is used by the lover in serenading his mistress. They have, also, war songs, called Hadou, in praise of their chiefs, which are sung on all festive occasions." — CRICHTON'S ARABIA.

(2) "With horse-tails streaming in the wind."

The horse-tail is the ensign of the Pashas; and according to the number which is fixed on their lance, so is their power.

(3) "And dancing girls, and Aenzees,  
With decked Rebaba, chaunt their songs."

"When an Aenzee recites verses or ancient poetry, he accompanies his voice with the "Rebaba," a kind of guitar, the only musical instrument used in the Desert." — CRICHTON'S ARABIA.

(4) "There was a bower in Shiraz-grove,  
Once sacred to the Queen of Love."

"The palace of Shaddad was built of bricks of gold and silver alternately; the roof was of pure gold, inlaid with pearl and precious metals; and the flowers and fruits rubies and diamonds. On their branches were perched birds of gems and gold, the hollow parts of which were filled with perfumes, so that with every breeze fragrance was wafted from their bills." — MASSOUDI'S WORK.

- (5) "While from the rose the Bulbul's tune  
Melted the soul with soft delight."

The Bulbul is the Persian nightingale, and is a great favorite with the eastern poets.

- (6) "Or those which round the Prophet's tomb," &c.

Samhoudi writes that the coffin which contains the dust of Mohammed, is cased with silver, and overlaid with a marble slab, inscribed *Bismillai Allahumd Salli alei* (in the name of God bestow thy mercy upon him.) Glass lamps are suspended all round the curtains, which are kept burning every night, and perfuming pans, filled with musk, aloes-wood, and other aromatics. The vulgar story long prevalent in Christendom, which suspended the Prophet's coffin in the air, at Mecca, by two powerful magnets, was a ridiculous fabrication of the Greeks and Latins, and is unknown in Arabia. The Mosque of Medina contains the tomb of Mohammed, not Mecca.

When the Dervise laid aside his harp, the audience was subdued in tears, and all that evening nothing was talked of but the death of MIRZA, the funeral of AYESHA, and the grief of NADIR and ALI. By universal consent the ring was given to the Dervise.


Next day every library in Teheran was ransacked for information relative to the actions of Shah NADIR, and nothing was heard chaunted in the streets by the joyous citizens except the glory of KOULI KHAN and the deeds of the gallant ALI. Yet all men were astonished to think that a stranger with whom none was acquainted should sing the glory of their King; and with anxious hearts the Minstrels awaited the sports of the coming evening, that they too might celebrate the praises of the immortal NADIR.

Night came—but the brow of Shah AGA was shaded with gloom, and the harps of the bards stood unstrung by their sides, until the Princess arose and took a golden necklace from her bosom—a chain, curiously inwrought with gems and pearls—and presented it as a prize for the Chief of Song. But the Bulbul sings not when the sun is overclouded, and the Æolian breathes not when the zephyr sleeps; yet, to please the Princess, HUMZA took her favorite harp, and mournfully struck its wires, as if in sympathy with the heart of the King:





## CANTO IV.



Life hath its sunshine and its showers,  
Its budding hopes and fading flowers,—  
It hath its pangs of keenest thrill,  
Cold memory's relentless sting,  
Which wakes not, pierces not, until  
The scenes of joy have taken wing.  
Life's star is like the beacon light  
That flashes o'er the stormy wave,  
Illumining Time's darkest night—  
The watch-fire of the lonely grave.  
What are its flowers—its budding hopes?  
Those gorgeous robes which fancy weaves—  
Those dreams of joy, like pearly drops  
Glittering upon the rose's leaves,  
Bright as the tears which Angels weep:<sup>(1)</sup>  
Yes, bright as they—as fading too!  
Shake but the flower on which they sleep,  
They vanish from the gazer's view.  
The Simoom's wind, which sweeps in wrath  
The Desert's death-o'erwhelming sand,  
Blighting and blasting, in its path,  
The loveliest, fairest of the land,  
Is called to being by that power  
Who forms the dew drops of the morn,

Who tinges with fine tints the flower  
That blooms upon the tender thorn.

Life hath its sorrows: the wild shriek  
That bursts from an o'erburdened breast—  
The joyless eye, the palid cheek,  
The wrong which ne'er can be redress'd:  
Borne like a bubble on the stream,  
Man floats upon life's troubled wave,  
Now basking in its sunny beam,  
And now a captive of the grave:  
Yet still he fondly clings to life,  
As if all joy were centered there;  
Wealth, fame and fortune, all he'll give,  
To spend a few more years of care!  
In vain he 's told of brilliant skies,  
Rich as the rain-bow's gorgeous dyes—  
In vain of perfum'd jas'mine bowers,  
Of sweetest, richest, rarest flowers,—  
Of maidens with their breasts of snow,  
And dark black eyes, and Paphian smiles,  
All burning with love's wanton glow—  
Calypsos of the skiey isles,—  
Of islands bright as morning's star,  
Each one a pearl or precious gem—  
Of winged steeds, with golden car,  
Worth Persia's royal diadem:  
But let the hand of Time be laid  
In pain and sickness on his head,  
And let the fountains of the heart—  
The springs of hope and joy—be dry,  
Whilst one by one his friends depart,  
And nature hears the anguished sigh;

Then fondly, fondly would he rest,  
Like child upon its mother's breast,  
Or launch his bark upon that wave

Whose waters dark unbounded sweep,  
Fearless of Death's appalling grave,

Fearless of Death's cold dreamless sleep.  
Both, both are false! The life that's given  
To feeble man by righteous Heaven,  
Should not be meanly, rashly sold  
For dreams of joy or hopes of gold;  
Nor should affliction's pangs impart

A wish for death, nor bid him take  
The fatal leap which sends the heart

A wand'rer on death's shoreless lake:  
In joy or pain, man ought to bless

The hand from whom his comfort flows,  
And 'fore Great ALLAH's throne confess

He to His mandates humbly bows.

A Chieftain leaned upon his brand—

To him it was a trusty friend—

While round him throng'd a daring band,

The swarthy sons of burning Ind:

His brow was like the glooming sky

When thunder shakes the sea and earth,

And like the lightning was his eye,

Whose fiery glance to meet was death.

He gaz'd upon the page of time—

The mirror of the dreamy past—

The present wore no joys for him,

The future shadows overcast.

O! can he not within that book

Find one endearing friendly look—

Not one fond smile—not one kind friend,  
Before whose love his soul might bend?  
Blooms not for him in life's parterre  
One single solitary flower?

What! does the past nor present wear

One joyous smile, one sunny hour?  
Not one! not one!—the past is dark,  
And like a sea on which a bark  
Is tossing there 'midst angry waves,  
Whose depths reveal but yawning graves,  
Life now appears:—each foot-fall there  
Presents some hidden treach'rous snare:  
For he has pass'd thro' toil and strife,  
And fought and bled for home and life.  
Love once was his—such love as Heaven

Reserves for man in skies above—  
Sweet, sweet as that which is engraven

Upon a Peri's heart of love;  
But it was blighted, just when years  
Had usher'd into bloom the flower—  
His morning's smiles were closed in tears,—  
His brightest was his darkest hour.

All beautiful, she pass'd away—

A thing of love, a thing of light—  
Like the bright sun at close of day,  
Bidding a weeping world good night.

A throne was his—an empire's sway,  
Where Emirs lowly bent the knee;

His word was law—whom to obey,  
Their path would cut through earth and sea.

He saw rebellion's hydra-head

Subvert his throne, and for his life

His sword was drawn: he fought and bled,  
And fell, o'erpower'd by fraud and strife.  
A dungeon's loathsome cave was his,  
Where noxious reptiles idly crawl—  
He heard the serpent's deadly hiss  
While creeping round his dungeon wall:  
Disease had on his vitals prey'd,  
Reason awhile had left its throne,  
And from that dungeon's cave, as dead,  
He in the sullen stream was thrown.  
What is he now?—an outlaw'd man,  
And nam'd the chief of outlaw'd men  
Who round him cluster; and "Whose van  
You ne'er may see the like agen."  
Silence now reigns on earth and sky,  
Soft, soft the dews of evening fall,  
And clos'd is many a weary eye  
'Neath slumb'ring Nature's dusky pall:  
Yet still he, lingering, gazes there,  
While to the sky his eye is turn'd,  
And from his soul he breathes a prayer,  
As if that soul with rapture burn'd.

Stars of the night!—ye golden lamps<sup>(2)</sup>  
Hung by Great ALLAN's mighty hand,  
Whose impress on all nature stamps  
Ye sweet angelic sister band!  
Bright there ye shine, and still have shone  
In one eternal hour of prime,  
Each rolling burningly alone,  
Thro' boundless space and countless time;—  
Ay, there ye shine!—the golden dews  
That pave the way by Seraphs trode,—

There, thro' your echoing vaults, diffuse  
The song of choral worlds to God:  
Visible spirits—bright as erst  
Young Eden's birth-night saw ye shine  
On all her flowers and fountains first,  
Ye sparkle from the hand divine:  
Yes, bright as when ye smiled to catch  
The music of a sphere so fair,  
To hold your high eternal watch,  
And gird your God's pavilion there.  
Gold frets to dust, yet there ye are—  
Time rots the diamond—there ye roll  
In primal light, as if each star  
Enshrin'd an everlasting soul:—  
And do they not, since yon bright throngs  
One all-enliv'ning spirit own?  
Prais'd there by pure celestial tongues,  
Eternal, glorious, blest and lone.

Could man but see what ye have seen—  
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,  
From all that is to what has been,—  
The glance how rich—the range how vast!  
The birth of Time—the rise and fall  
Of Empires—myriads, ages flown—  
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worship—all  
The things whose echoes are not gone:  
Ye saw red ZOROASTER send  
His soul into your mystic reign—  
Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend,  
The living hills his mighty fane,  
Beneath the blue and burning sky,  
He worship'd at your lofty shrine,



And deem'd he saw with gifted eye,  
The God-head in his works divine:  
And there ye shine, as if to mock  
The children of an earthly sire.  
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,  
The red volcano's cataract fire,—  
Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame—  
All Nature's ills and life's worst woes  
Are nought to you—ye smile the same,  
And scorn alike their dawn and close:  
For there ye roll, emblems sublime  
Of Him whose spirit o'er us moves  
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,  
Still shining in the world he loves;  
Nor is one scene to mortal given,  
That more divides the soul and sod,  
Than you, proud heraldry of Heaven,—  
Ye burning blazonry of God!

Night's mantle o'er the sky is flung,  
Now silence reigns o'er Omar's sea,—  
And hush'd is the pearl-diver's song,  
And coral-fisher's minstrelsy;  
And, struggling thro' the cloud of night,  
The pale moon sheds her feeble light,  
Now glancing on Harmosia's walls,  
Where HASSAN reigns in gilded halls,  
And now upon the tented plain  
That look like countless hills of snow,  
Where proudly floats, without one stain,  
Bold HAMET's ensign, HASSAN's foe;  
And soon as morning's sun will break  
The curtains of the sable sky,

Well may the heart of HASSAN quake  
To meet the glance of HAMET's eye;  
For 'neath his banner's silken fold,  
Full many a warrior chief's enroll'd:—  
The turban'd Turk, the fiery Hun,  
And chieftain from the distant Ind—  
From Heja's land, and Astracan,  
With steeds swift as the viewless wind—  
And Tartars with their snowy plumes,  
With Afric's swarthy sons of war,  
While from the land of rich perfumes  
The dusky Moor bemounts his car,  
And Guebres from their mountain came, <sup>(3)</sup>  
From ATER-QUEDAH's burning hill—  
That mansion of eternal flame—  
The seat of bliss, or source of ill.

Still, still that chieftain lingering stands,  
Surcharged with thought, by Oman's sands;  
His form reflected by the wave  
Seemed like some spirit from the grave,  
And ever as the crystal tide,  
With pearly lips, kiss'd the green side  
Of Iran's shore, that spirit seem'd  
Convulsed with pain and inward grief,  
So that a gazer might have deem'd  
It was the spirit of that chief.  
But hark!—a step approaches near—  
The chieftain turn'd him slightly round:  
Before him stood, with pointless spear,  
A page, with silken pennon bound—  
His libas was of linen fine, — <sup>(4)</sup>  
Fringed with silk below the knee,

His ckames—and his sooderyine  
 Was cloth made from the cotton tree—  
 Around his form was loosely flung  
 His ckoofstan, of Damascus' loom,—  
 While from his waist his hhezam hung,  
 Dyed with the purple amazoom,—  
 And on a brow white as the cliffs—  
 The snowy cliffs of Louristan—  
 His turboosh sat, of richest stuffs,  
 Wove in the looms of Khorassan;  
 His step was light as summer's wind,  
 When playing with the blooming flower:  
 I wot his years had passed behind  
 The curtains of a lady's bower.  
 A tear stood in his dark black eye,  
 As low he bent his willing knee,  
 And from his breast escaped a sigh,  
 As if his heart was scarcely free.

"I come from sea-girt Ormuzstan, <sup>(5)</sup>  
 "MosSELLA's gift of love I bring  
 "To ALI, Lord of Chusistan,  
 "And Iran's loved and crowned King.  
 "There vernal spring forever reigns  
 "Within that blest and sunny isle,  
 "And summer o'er its rich domains  
 "Perennial blooms with joyous smile:  
 "But I was tired with Ormuz grove,  
 "And longed to join the ranks of war,—  
 "To martial strains, instead of love,  
 "I sighed to 'strike the light guitar.'  
 "My father was an Arab wild,  
 "He died on honor's gory bed—

“I am his lone and only child,  
“An Arab born, an Arab bred:  
“I’d rather sleep on tented field,  
“Than on the finest, softest down —  
“I’d rather bear the lance and shield,  
“Than wear a monarch’s royal crown.”  
The chieftain smiled, and well he might,  
The prating of the page to hear,  
For fragile was his form, and light,  
Unused his hand to sword or spear.  
“Thou art too young for fields of strife,  
“Where death sits on each warrior’s sword,  
“In lady’s bower has pass’d thy life,  
“Or waiting upon Ormuz lord;  
“But for my dear MOSSELLA’s sake,  
“Her peerless gift of love I’ll take,  
“And thou my page shall proudly bear  
“It through to-morrow’s fatal field —  
“Its guard shall be my trusty spear,  
“Thy shelter ’neath my sword and shield:  
“For on to-morrow’s die is cast  
“The strife of death, which cannot last —  
“To-morrow Iran’s lord will lie  
“Lifeless before AL-HASSAN’s throne,  
“Or by my hand shall HASSAN die,  
“And Persia’s realms me sovereign own.”

But who is he, on milk-white steed,  
With nodding plume and weeds of woe?  
His manly breast with anguish bleeds,  
The lines of grief have marked his brow:  
’Tis ZOHAIK, Merou’s princely chief,  
The last of KOSIRU’s noble line,

Who now has come in robes of grief,  
His force with ALI's force to join;  
For he has sworn by MAH'MY's tomb,  
'Gainst HASSAN's throne eternal war—  
Sworn by Al-Sirit's cheerless gloom—  
Sworn by night's lone and burning star:—  
For dark 's the deed and deep 's the crime  
That nerves young ZOHAIK's deadly hate;  
And death, but not the hand of time,  
Can e'er his wrongs or woes abate.  
List!—hear a tale which well may start  
The life-blood from the inmost heart,  
For e'er, if for another's woe,  
Adown thy cheek fell sorrow's tear,  
Again the pearly tear will flow  
For CUMLADE and young ZOHAIK.

Bright are the skies of Chusistan,  
And sweet its balmy almond groves,  
And rich the plains of Ispahan,<sup>(6)</sup>  
Where Zenderoot in gladness roves.  
It was a soft and lovely hour  
As ever beam'd on lady's bower;  
The sun had sunk in car of gold,  
In Oman's waters calm and bright—  
Still on the Mosque, and castle's hold,  
Lingered his rays of golden light—  
The mountain's brow with evening's cloud  
Was robed, as with a silken shroud—  
While rising from the eastern sea,  
Triumphant glanced night's purple star—  
And from the dewy almond tree,  
The Bulbul's strain's were heard afar:

Within a bower where myrtle bloom'd,  
And the soft clinging jasmin grew,  
Where sandal-wood the air perfum'd,  
Young CUMLADE, with eye of blue,  
Was there reclining: O, how fair!  
She seem'd a thing of light and air!—  
The bloom of fifteen summers tint  
Her dimpling soft and rosy cheek—  
A thousand flowers their sweets imprint  
Upon her lips—and mild and meek  
Her swimming eyes are lighted up  
With fire of sacred poesy—  
Yet timid as the antelope  
Beneath the green mimosa tree:—  
Her brow is like the vault of Heaven—  
Calm, beautiful—while round it cling,  
Like silken scarf by fairy woven,  
Ringlets dark as the raven's wing.  
What are her thoughts?—can sorrow blight  
The joy of one so young and fair—  
Changing her morn to darkest night,  
Fatal as Samiel's tainted air?

“O! draw aside that silken fold  
“That veils thy joyous eye of light—  
“Unloose that burnished clasp of gold—  
“CUMLADE, 'tis our nuptial night.”  
“To-night?” “Yes, dearest, ever thine,  
“Thro' weal or woe, thro' joy or pain—  
“Yes, ever thine,—and thou art mine  
“Till death dissolves life's silver chain:  
“To-night?—when years on years have fled,  
“And time has dimm'd youth's ardent flame,



"Unnerv'd my arm and snow'd my head,  
 "Still, still we'll live in love the same:  
 "To-night?—O, yes! but why that tear?—  
 "Why pales my lov'd one—why that sigh?  
 "Speak, dearest, 'tis thy own ZOHAIK—  
 "CUMLADE, dearest, love, 'tis I."

"To-night?—O, not to-night!" she said:  
 "I had a dark and dismal dream,  
 "Of wandering 'midst the silent dead,  
 "Of crossing Lethe's noxious stream:  
 "Methought I stood array'd in white,  
 "The bride of thee, my own ZOHAIK,  
 "My soul was love, my eye was light,  
 "My heart undream'd of woe or care,  
 "And by the altar fondly stood  
 "Thee, noble son of high Vellore,  
 "When 'twixt us pass'd a hand of blood:  
 "A voice proclaim'd 'Forbear! forbear!'  
 "The Imam's cheek grew deadly pale,  
 "The tapers lent a glimmering light,  
 "A voice cried on the evening gale—  
 "'CUMLADE must not wed to-night!'"  
 "To-night? O, no!—long years have fled  
 "Since first I came to high Vellore—  
 "'Twas on this night my father bled,  
 "And with him fell proud Chillingore:  
 "Yet do not on me frown, ZOHAIK,  
 "Thou knowest my heart is love to thee,  
 "For thee arise my earliest prayer,  
 "My latest thought is breath'd for thee:  
 "Thy mother's spirit, ever bless'd,  
 "(Whose home is in the azure sky,)

"Watch'd o'er my childhood, and her breast

"Pillow'd my head in infancy.

"By her my lisping tongue in prayer

"Was taught to bless the God of Light,

"Her kindness sooth'd my childish care,

"And watched my slumbers during night.

"Poor is the immortal sculptor's art,

"The painter's pencil, poet's song,

"Compared to her who moulds the heart

"With plastic hand when pure and young!

"A sister's love is warm and kind,

"A brother's strong as hand of time,

"And sweet the love of kindred mind—

"But, mother, these are not like thine!"

"To-night?—this was the fatal night

"Which saw my sainted father fall—

"When ruin swept o'er Chillingore,

"Its towers, its temples, altars—all!

"Wild flash'd the light from Zemendar,

"And shooting to the dusky skies

"Rose the red flame of ruthless war,

"Mixed with the wildest shrieks and cries:

"The Harem's towers were wrapt in flame,

"Nor age, nor sex, protection found—

"All, all who bore the hated name

"Of ACHMUT, kiss'd the gory ground!

"I on an ottoman slumbering lay,

"Like beauty upon ruin's shrine,

"Undreaming of this fatal day—

"Fatal for aye to me and mine:

"Waked by the maddening shrieks of pain,

"To Heaven I raised my trembling eye—

“In one red flame gleam’d hill and plain,  
“In one red flame blazed earth and sky:  
“A chieftain came with blood-red hand,  
“And glaring eye-balls flashing fire:  
“Aloft he rais’d his ruthless hand,  
“And ’neath it fell my hapless sire.  
“I know no more: Who sav’d my life,  
“Or snatch’d me from that warrior’s wrath,  
“When all I knew or lov’d in life  
“Fell ’neath the pitiless scythe of Death?  
“ZOHAIK, I have no friend but thee—  
“No father, brother, sister kind,  
“No mother smiles on CUMLADE—  
“ZOHAIK, *thou* art my only friend!”  
She raised her eyes, and plaintive smiled,  
Upon his breast her cheek she laid:  
“Thou wilt not wrong the friendless child—  
“Thou wilt not on the orphan tread?”

Say, who can gaze on beauty’s cheek,  
At evening’s soft and dreamy hour—  
Look on that eye, so mild and meek,  
And feel not love’s all-conquering power?  
He fondly kiss’d her stainless brow  
And warmly press’d her to his heart:  
“Mine, ever mine!—but dearer now—  
“O, never, never shall we part!  
“Yet sacred be this night to thee,  
“To mourn thy fallen noble line;  
“But when thou weep’st, O, think on me—  
“On one whose heart and soul is thine;  
“And soon as morning’s beams shall break  
“The curtains of night’s ebon sky,

“And nature from her fair locks shake  
“The pearly dew, to thee I’ll fly—  
“To thee I’ll fly, my CUMLADE:  
“For thou art dear as life to me—  
“Dear as the light of sunny skies  
“Is to the Bird of Paradise—  
“As dew unto the tender flower  
“Blooming amidst the desert’s waste.—  
“As to the parched land the shower,  
“Cooling its rent and burning breast:—  
“Dear, dear unto this heart of mine  
“As health is unto beauty’s bloom—  
“As to the pilgrim, Mecca’s shrine,  
“The Kaaba’s stone, or MAH’MY’S tomb.”

Beside the crystal Zenderoot,  
These trembling lovers lingering stood,  
Whose glassy breast reflected bright,  
The stars that gemm’d the brow of night.  
What were their thoughts?—ah, who can tell!  
As hope and fear alternate pass’d,  
Each one afraid to say—farewell!  
As if that word should be the last.  
Then eyes looked into dreamy eyes  
Which ne’er before with tears were wet,  
As ’neath the bright and brilliant skies  
Their ruby lips in fondness met:  
It was the hour of love—that hour  
When beauty triumphs in her power,—  
When Monarchs leave their royal thrones,  
The cares of state forget awhile,  
And Love’s all-conquering presence owns,  
And basks in beauty’s radiant smile.

They parted — ne'er again to meet,  
Or spend in love one hour so sweet —  
Earth, sea, and sky must pass away  
Before that blest, that happy day;  
And Death and Hell in viewless air

Must vanish like the morning's dew,  
Ere CUNLADE and young ZOHAIK  
Their joyous dreams of love renew.





## NOTES TO CANTO IV.



(1) "Bright as the tears which Angels weep."

"In the East they have a beautiful tradition regarding the Peris, or those Angels who were banished from Heaven when the rebel Eblis was expelled. It is related, that at the close of day the banished Peris ascend to the golden gates of Paradise, where, showing to the Angel that keeps the gates the works of love and kindness done by them on earth, they solicit admission to the celestial regions: those angels whose works are approved of are admitted to the lowest Heaven, while the others return weeping to earth, and their tears are the pearly dews of night."—ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

(2) "Stars of the night!—ye golden lamps."

The production of a gentleman to whom I return my best thanks for the favor allowed me in placing it in this canto.

(3) "And Guebres from their mountains came."

The ancient fire-worshippers of Persia.

(4) His *libas* was of linen fine."

"The *libas* is a kind of drawers, made of linen or cotton, tied round the body by a band called *tikkeh*, the ends of which are fringed with silk, reaching down to the knee or ankle. The *ckames*, or shirt, and *Sooderyine*, or jacket, are made of silk, linen, or cotton, loose and open in the texture; the *ckooflan*, or mantle, colored silk, full sleeves, round which wound the *hhezam*, or girdle, which is made either of muslin or silk. The *turboosh* is a red

cloth cap, fitting exactly to the head, with a tassel of dark blue silk; around the turboosh is wound a Cashmere, or piece of long white muslin, and which is then called *emamah*, or turban.”—

ARABIAN SKETCHES.

(5) “I come from sea-girt Ormuzstand.”

A beautiful Island lying in the mouth of the Persian Gulf.”

(6) “And rich the plains of Ispahan,  
Where Zenderoot in gladness roves.”


“Ispahan, the ancient capital of Persia, is situated in a most beautiful plain. In the time of Chardin, it contained two hundred Mosques, forty-eight Colleges, and one thousand eight hundred Caravanseras, and was twenty-four miles in circumference.”—  
MURRAY’S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

When the last echo of the harp died away, and a stillly silence pervaded the Hall of Audience, HUMZA was about rising from his knee, laying aside the harp of the Princess, as if his task was ended, when the Shah, graciously smiling, bade him proceed with his song. It reminded him of his own unfortunate youth, when Muzundereen was laid in ashes, and his noble father fell beneath the sword of death. With this permission, HUMZA again awoke the slumbering wires, which rang beneath his touch, sweet as the strains of Israfil in the gardens of Paradise, and thus continued his narration:

! L. of C. :



## CANTO V.



Morn rises from dark Nox's side <sup>(1)</sup>

In pillar'd light, and mounts the sky  
In dreamy beauty, like a bride

Veiled in the richest taffeti.

'Tis not the dawn of Northern skies,

Rich as the rain-bow's painted dyes;

'Tis not the light of noon-tide's sun,

Bursting through clouds of vapor dun,

And throwing over earth and sea

A robe of gorgeous drapery;

But like a pillar faint and grey,

Arises now the God of Day,

Shooting from the dim horizon,

Till gradually the rosy tints

Of young Aurora tinge the sky,

And Phœbus every cloud imprints

With smiles shot from his joyous eye;

While o'er the dewy plain below,

The antelope in gladness plays,

And fluttering on the rose-tree's bough,

The Bulbul chaunts his song of praise.

“Wake, dearest, wake!—the sky is bright,

“The earth is rob'd in flow'rs of spring,

“The Mountain tops are tipped with light,  
“The verdant woods with music ring.  
“Wake, dearest, wake!—for we are young,  
“And love and youth should fondly stray  
“To hear the wild-bird’s early song,  
“And hail with praise returning day.  
“Wake, dearest, wake!—it is the hour  
“When Nature’s incense scents the air,  
“When from the gilded Mosque’s high tower  
“The Muezzin calls aloud to prayer.”

In vain! in vain!—no CUMLADE

The Harem’s pearly gates unfold,—  
No fairy hand in joyous glee  
Unbars its bolts of burnished gold.

O! woman, woman, poorly known!

A thing of fancy—wayward, coy,—  
When seated on a regal throne  
How small a trifle mars thy joy!  
Now fretted with the zephyr’s wing  
That on thy cheek too roughly plays,  
Pleased with the flatterer’s offering,  
The fawning smile of servile praise,  
Transplant thee to some lonely isle,  
Or in some dungeon’s dreary cave,  
Which never knew hope’s joyous smile,  
And give thee but one heart to save;  
Then, like an Angel pure and bright,  
Thou shin’st amidst that darkling gloom  
Like mercy’s star—that star of light  
Which lamps the chambers of the tomb.  
Thy smiles distil a healing balm,  
Like Gilead’s precious balsam tree,



Bidding the troubled soul be calm,  
Still the heart's tumultuous sea.  
Thy breast is like a budding rose,  
Enclosing odors richer far  
Than the soft Zephyrs which disclose  
The aroma breath of famed Cheenar.  
In grief or joy, in weal or woe,  
Thou stand'st when shrink the strong and brave.  
O, woman! none thy love can know —  
'Tis deeper, stronger than the grave!  
Yet think, O, think not 'tis that thing  
Which wealth can buy, or gold can pay —  
Like jewel'd brooch or diamond ring,  
Worn for awhile, then cast away.  
The heart that love's in morning's prime,  
Loves on through years, thro' endless time,  
And like the rich frankincense tree,<sup>(2)</sup>  
That blooms in happy Araby,  
When bruised by man, 'tis then he tastes  
The sweetness which that wound distils;  
Like springs in Kerman's sandy wastes,  
Bright as Teraka's crystal rills.  
For what is Heaven without the smile  
Of lovely woman? Ask the skies,  
The sun, the moon, the golden stars —  
Those spirits void of fraud and guile,  
Shining resplendent in their cars.  
They answer one, they answer all —  
A cheerless, sunless Paradise,  
As Adam felt before his fall.

Why stands ZOHAIK so sad and lone,  
Cheerless and mute as the lifeless stone?

Grief sits imprinted upon his brow,  
As if his heart were o'erpower'd with woe.  
And where has the Light of his Harem fled,  
With her sylph-like form and her fawn-like tread?  
Trips she the mead at the break of dawn,  
Joyous and light as the sportive fawn,  
Spangling her hair with the pearly dew,  
    Freshing her cheek with the rose's bloom,  
Gemming her eye with the wild-flower's blue,  
    And scenting her lips with the myrrh's perfume?  
Strays she within the almond grove,  
    Sits she beneath the cinnamon tree,  
Breathing the sweets of the flowers of love,<sup>(3)</sup>  
    That stray from the isles of the Hemasagaree?  
No,—far from the Harem's bower is weeping  
    The bride of the Chief of high Vellore,  
For the minions of HASSAN have in their keeping  
    CUMLADE, the Peri of Chillingore.

But ZOHAIK knows not of her fate,  
    He dreams of but some dark abyss,—  
Some fatal snare of one whose hate  
    Had sworn to blast for life his bliss.  
For nought of her was heard or seen,  
    Save a wild shriek, which they who slept  
In neighb'ring bow'r heard in their dream,  
    Like shriek of one who, struggling, wept.  
The diamond zone, which oft had braced  
The rich Cashmere around her waist—  
Her scarf, rich as the bow of Heaven,  
    Inwove with gold from distant Ind—  
Her nuptial crown, which had been given  
    By young ZOHAIK—were left behind.

Like casket when 't has lost its gem,  
Like cage from which the bird had flown,  
Such was the bower of Arazem—  
A lamp from which the light had gone.

Harmosia's walls are grey with years,<sup>(4)</sup>  
Her battlements their shadows fling  
O'er Oman's waves, where lightly play  
With Luna's beam, night's dusky wing.

But in that pale moon's silv'ry beam,  
Ten thousand spears and lances gleam,  
And from El-Emir's highest tower,  
Which overlooks the Harem's bower,  
AL-HASSAN's ensign proudly flies,  
Chief of the daring Osmanlees:

Dark is his eye, his scowling brow  
Is like the Heaven, when veiled in gloom,  
His cheek scarce feels health's gushing flow,  
His smile cold as the chilly tomb:

Yet when that eye is lighted up  
With the wild fire which burns within,  
And his soul drinks the fatal cup

Which gave this world a prey to sin,  
Then, fearful as the tiger's form,

When gloating o'er its mangled prey,  
Or spirit of the midnight storm,

Strewing with death its fatal way,  
AL-HASSAN seems:—but now his wiles  
Have wreath'd his gloomy brow with smiles.  
Well pleas'd, he pats dark MUNKEIR's cheek,

Commend's old BABA's faithful love,  
And, smiling, bids them boldly seek  
Some costly gift, that he may prove

How dear they are unto his soul:  
Then raising in his hand the bowl,  
The gift of OMAR, filled with wine:

“The pledge be beauty, beauty bright,  
“As kneeling thus before her shrine,

“I drink to one whose eye of light

“Outshines the brilliant star of night—

“I drink to her whose dewy lip

“Great ALLAH’S self might deign to kiss—

“Whose cup of love this night I’ll sip,

“And revel in her bower of bliss:

“Drink,—BABA, MUNKEIR—drink!” he cries,

“He who declines this instant dies!”

Flushed with the wine, he sought the bower

Where on a silken couch reclined

Young CUMLADE, like tender flower

Drooping before the wint’ry wind.

“Thou lov’st me not,” he laughing said,

“Yet thou must be my loving bride:

“Thou lov’st me not—yet I have sworn

“To wed thee ere the beams of morn

“Illume the sky. To-night, to-night

“This lily hand I’ll call my own,

“And thou, my young Sultana bright,

“Shall be sole Peri of my throne.

“Nay, frown not—him thou canst not wed—

“The young ZOHAIK, thy father’s foe:

“’Twas by his sire thy father bled,

“And Chillingore was wrapt in woe.

“True, when he wrapt thy home in fire,

“He saved *thee* from the fatal flame,

“But wilt thou wed the son, whose sire

“Wrought death to thee and all thy name?

“Nought now remains of Chillingore,  
“Save fireless hearths and broken walls,  
“Since war’s red demon bath’d in gore  
“Her gay saloons and gilded halls:  
“There fluted columns mouldering lie,  
“Crumbling beneath Time’s ruthless hand—  
“There broken altars mock the sky,  
“True image of a ruin’d land.  
“Then frown not:—him thou wilt not wed—  
“The young ZOHAIK, thy father’s foe,—  
“’Twas by his sire thy kindred bled,  
“And Chillingore was wrapt in woe.”

“Away, vile wretch!—nor dare to blast,  
“With envious breath, my own ZOHAIK,  
“Nor on the friendless orphan cast  
“A load of grief she cannot bear.  
“Thou lov’st me not—or if thou dost,  
“Then take me to my natal home,  
“And woo me, if thou truly lov’st,  
“As woman should be wooed and won:  
“Restore me to my father’s halls,  
“Though nought but grass should lonely wave,—  
“Say these were once thy country’s walls,  
“Here is thy father’s silent grave.  
“But thou, AL-HASSAN, lov’st me not—  
“Thy heart is full of fraud and guile,  
“Thy life one dark, one damning blot,  
“Illum’d by not one radiant smile:  
“The hawk may nestle with the dove,  
“The lion with the lamb may play,  
“But think not *thou* to gain my love—  
“Away! vile wretch!—away, away!”

Stung to the quick, he seized her hand:—

“Ho, BABA! bring me rosy wine—

“The luscious grape of Zamarcand—

“To-night CUMLADE shall be mine!”

Fired with the draught, he rudely press’d

Her lily cheek, and to his breast

Her beating heart he madly drew,

Where, gloating o’er her matchless form,

He tore aside her silken veil,

Her snowy bosom bared to view,

Then triumphed in his deed of hell!

As reels the ship by lightning struck,

When battling with the foaming wave,

And found’ring ’neath the deadly shock,

She settles in a watery grave,

So reel’d the soul of CUMLADE—

Reel’d soul and sense, reel’d heart and eye.

“Lost, ALLAH, lost!—forever gone!”

She cried in accents deep and wild:

“O! thou who rul’st the starry zone,

“Why didst thou not preserve thy child!

“Yet hear me HASSAN:—curst the hand

“That dared to rob me of my fame,

“And stamp’d, as with a burning brand,

“My stainless breast with deed of shame.

“I be thy bride! Not while my heart

“Know’st good from ill, or guile from truth—

“Not while I hate the soul whose art

“Delights to blast the hopes of youth:

“I be thy wife? Curst be the hour

“When CUMLADE ascends thy throne!—

“A barren womb, a powerless power,

“A heart from which the truth is gone.



“O! If there is a God in Heaven—  
“And that there is all Nature says—  
“The sun, the moon, the stars of even,  
“Through boundless space proclaim his praise:—  
“Go out beneath the arching sky,  
“When night’s dark shade unbroken sweeps,  
“And say there is no God on high,  
“Or that He in that darkness sleeps—  
“Go when the morn, in car of gold,  
“First heralds in the light of day,  
“And ask who first its beams unroll’d,  
“Or pav’d with stars the milky way—  
“Who with the clouds o’erspread the earth,  
“Unchain’d the light’ning’s fiery wing,  
“Who gave the muttering thunders birth,—  
“They’ll answer all, ’twas Nature’s King:  
“The thunders of the Heav’n may sleep,  
“And calm the waters of the deep—  
“The Prophet’s curse may cease to fall  
“In darkness, like life’s dusky pall—  
“The earthquake’s shock may cease to fear  
“The warrior with his bow and spear—  
“And *thou*, AL-HASSAN, may declare  
“There is no God in earth or air,  
“And laugh to scorn His sacred laws,  
“The lightning’s wing, the glooming sky,  
“And mock the great eternal cause,  
“Whose viewless throne it fix’d on high:  
“But, HASSAN, when *thou* dreamst of joy,  
“A hand will all thy pleasures cloy—  
“A hand thou darest not, canst not see,  
“Shrouded in awful mystery—  
“Shall cause thee drink the poison’d cup

"Which thou hadst mingled for thy foes,  
"And make those laws at which you laughed,

"The avenger of His injured name,  
"Until corroding cares and woes

"Strike deep through all thy vital frame:

"And then—O, Heaven! thy life will be

"One endless scene of misery:

"For hear me, ALLAH, thou who reign'st

"Amidst the islands of the sky—

"Thou who in mercy humbly deign'st

"To hear the suppliant mourner's cry,—

"O! let no peace AL-HASSAN bless,

"No joy be his in time's abyss—

"His sleep be dreams of endless pain,

"His waking hours be fraught with grief,

"Till madness snaps life's silver chain,

"Yet find in death no sweet relief!"

She rais'd her eyes aloft to Heaven,

As one entranced, and inly pray'd,

While the last golden beam of even

Around her lips in gladness play'd:

"ALLAH! Great ALLAH!—God Divine!

"Pardon in love this soul of mine!

"MOXIMIA, guardian of my youth,

"Thou knowest my heart was form'd in truth:

"Yet if from virtue's path e'er strayed,

"In childhood's years, thy Persian maid,

"Or when maturer years had thrown

"The bands of love around the zone

"Of my fond heart, and bade it dream

"Of sunny lands and cloudless skies,

"And, 'stead of Heaven's celestial scene,

"I made this earth my Paradise,

“Pardon this poor, this erring breast,  
“Thy arms of love around me fling,  
“Where I may sleep ’till Angels blest  
“With MAH’MY come, and Heaven’s Great King,  
“The Glorious ALLAH, robed in light,  
“Comes in the sky to judge the dead,  
“Bursting the confines of the grave,  
“And calling from their sea-clad bed  
“The sleepers ’neath the Ocean’s wave.

“Yes, life is sweet—and few will dare  
“To brave the dangers of that wave  
“O’er which no beacon’s fitful glare  
“Beams from the world beyond the grave:  
“Yet I will dare it—time nor tide  
“Shall ever see me HASSAN’S bride!”  
She ceas’d—and like the lightning’s beam,  
A dagger in her hand did gleam:  
One look she cast upon the sky,  
One look upon the blooming earth,  
Then with a steady hand and eye  
She struck the fatal cord of death!  
Life issued from the wound:—she fell.  
As falls the hart on mountain’s crest,  
Or like the soft-eyed young gazelle,<sup>(5)</sup>  
With weapon rankling in her breast.

Aghast AL-HASSAN trembling stood,  
His guilty hands bestain’d with blood,  
For he had tried from death to save  
The frantic maid, but tried in vain—  
Too fatal was the wound she gave:  
Nor life, nor hope for her remain.

His eyes glare with unearthly fire,  
His quivering lips, in accents wild,  
Curse the dark hour when in his ire  
He stain'd with guilt EL-ACMUR'S child:  
"But thou art gone, O! lovely maid,  
"Where sorrow ne'er can shade thy brow—  
"The crimson cloud thy car is made,  
"To waft thee from this world below.  
"O! were ZOHAIK but by thy side,  
"How fondly would I make him thine!  
"O! how I curse the hour of pride,  
"When, stung with rage, I made thee mine!  
"Yet thou hadst taught my soul to dare  
"A deed which only love could plead—  
"A crime for which corroding care  
"Upon my peace for aye must feed.  
"Farewell!—and if in worlds more blest  
"Thy soul should find a fitter sphere,  
"Soft be thy pillow, sweet thy rest,  
"To soothe thee for thy sufferings here."

Beneath the weeping willow-tree  
Was laid the ill-fated CUMLADE:  
It is a wild and lonely place,  
Unfit for life's last closing scene—  
Around or near no one can trace  
That e'er the foot of man had been:—  
Trees, dark and gloomy, wave their shades  
O'er pois'nous weeds and noxious flowers,  
And joyous morning blooms and fades  
Unknown within its darksome bowers—  
The silv'ry moon-beam never plays  
Among its long and waving grass

Which springs, luxuriates, and decays,  
 Nor bird, nor beast will near it pass—  
 And, save CUMLADE's silent grave,  
 No sign of life or death is there:  
 Dreary and lone as Eblis cave,  
 As if debarred from light and air,—  
 No stone is there to mark the spot  
 Where low in dust CUMLADE sleeps,  
 By friend and foe alike forgot,  
 Save young ZOHAIK, who o'er her weeps.

"And art thou lowly laid," he said,  
 "My own, my fond lov'd Persian maid!  
 "In vain for thee the acacias wave  
 "Their perfum'd blossoms, white as snow,  
 "For thou art laid in lonesome grave,  
 "O'er which night's breeze is mourning low.  
 "Wan, wan is now that rosy cheek,  
 "Where once the flowers of gladness bloom'd,  
 "And pale is now that ruby lip  
 "Which once Arabia's myrrh perfum'd,—  
 "Dim is the lustre of those eyes  
 "On which I've gazed so long and deep,  
 "And cold as winter's freezing skies  
 "Is the lone breast o'er which I weep:  
 "Thy bridal feast is with the dead,  
 "The dews of night thy marriage wine,  
 "The lonely tomb thy nuptial bed—  
 "O, that the grave was also mine!  
 "Curse, curse AL-HASSAN's daring hand—  
 "Woe, endless woe be doom'd his fate,  
 "For here upon my father's brand,  
 "I swear to him eternal hate!

- “Ah! did he think when thou wert low,  
“Secreted in this gloom-wrapt grove,  
“That none would hear, that none would know,  
“Where slept the victim of his love?
- “In vain the murd’rer dreams of peace,  
“In vain night’s mantle ’round him draws,  
“In vain he bids that anguish cease  
“Which his lost soul remorseless gnaws:  
“Fool! did he think that vengeance slept  
“Because long years had roll’d away—  
“That memory’s page no record kept  
“Of crimes done on a former day?  
“Why shrinks he from the cloud of night?  
“Why does he fear each echoing sound?  
“Why wakes he from his dreams in fright,  
“And wildly glares on all around?
- “He sees a form no one can see,  
“He hears a voice no one can hear,—  
“The death-shriek of Young CUMLADE  
“Thrills wildly on his frenzied ear:  
“The bird that through the welkin flies  
“Proclaims aloud AL-HASSAN’S crime—  
“’Tis graven on the azure skies,  
“’Tis written on the wing of time:  
“But thou, my fond-lov’d Persian maid,  
“Sleep’st the long sleep which knows no waking,  
“Until the night of death has fled,  
“And morn upon the grave is breaking:  
“Then, beauteous as young NOURMAHAL,  
“Or Nature, when the voice of spring  
“Wakes the sweet flowers, and night’s dark pall  
“Morn casts away with radiant wing.

“Then thou arrayed in robe divine,  
 “Wilt burst the cerements of the tomb,  
 “And with celestial beauty shine  
 “With ALLAH, in eternal bloom.”

Such were the thoughts and words of one  
 Whose heart was blighted at its core,  
 As by her grave, so drear and lone,  
 His heart bemoaned in anguish sore.  
 And oft when evening's closing shades  
 The weary world with sleep pervades,  
 Bids man from worldly cares be blest,  
 In peace's bosom calmly rest—  
 When all is hushed on earth and sky,  
 And spirits from the realms of light,  
 In robes of glory, hover nigh,  
 Or on the fragrant earth alight,  
 ZOHAIK would leave his princely throne,  
 And seek the dreary wild alone,  
 And there, in silence dark and deep,  
 Commune in spirit with the dead,  
 And with the stars night's vigils keep,  
 Bathing with tears her lonely bed.





## NOTES TO CANTO V.

~~~~~

- (1) "Morn rises from dark Nox's side,
In pillar'd light, and mounts the sky."

"I was much delighted one morning here with viewing the natural phenomenon of sunrise. On turning my eye towards the east, I could perceive the first appearance of day: it was not dawn, but a mere greyish pillar of light, shooting from the horizon upwards, in the shape of a comet's tail, but without lustre. By-and-by the stratum of clouds over this expansion displayed the roscate hue of morn, and the whole Heavens became illuminated."
—ADAMS'S HISTORY OF INDIA.

- (2) "And like the rich frankincense tree,
That blooms in happy Araby."

"The *mimosa nilotica*, or frankincense tree of Arabia. The gum is obtained by making an incision in the tree, from which oozes the gum or rosin. It was much used by the Jews as an ingredient in the incense of their Sanctuary." — ARABIAN HISTORY.

- (3) "Breathing the sweets of the flowers of love,
That stray from the isles of Hemasagaree."

The Spice Islands, or the Moluccas, lying in the Indian Ocean.

- (4) "Harmosia's walls are grey with years."

"A seaport in the Gulf of Ormuz, commonly called Gombroon. It was rendered, by Shah Abbas, the emporium of Persian Commerce." — ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.

(5) "Or like the soft-eyed young gazelle."

"It is called by the Persians *tzeiran*. Its size is small; the eyes large and dark, and peculiarly expressive of softness; all its movements are replete with grace, agility, and timidity."—ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.

Long before the Harper had ceased his numbers, commotion and murmuring were heard among the nobles of AGA. The Prince of Kerman frowned gloomily on the Dervise, and his eye sparkled with the fire of death; his hand grasped firmly his sparkling dagger, and nothing save the august presence of the King, kept him from imbruing his hands in the blood of HUMZA. The life of the Prince had been one of guilt: the flower of the desert had been blighted by his passion, and the rose of the valley had fallen a victim to his lust. In the portrait of AL-HASSAN, he discovered that of his own life, and he swore revenge against the Dervise for daring to condemn his conduct; but AGA, not appearing to notice the menaces of the Prince, arose from his throne, and put the chain of gold around the neck of HUMZA, and placed him by the side of GULZAR, as the guardian of his child.

The next was the chief day of the festival, when the lists should be thrown open, and the youth of Persia should try their prowess on the tented field,—when Chief should challenge Chief, without regard to age or rank, so that all who wished could have an opportunity of showing their skill in arms.

The Shah had pitched his tent on a plain adjoining the city; and Kerman's haughty Prince had challenged the youth of Iran to single combat in honor of the Princess's recovery, as he claimed precedence to her hand, and her favor was to be the victor's reward. The lists were prepared under the direction of the King in person; for he loved to stimulate the youth of his Kingdom to the glory of arms. A balcony was prepared for

the Shah and the ladies of the Court, where, seated in his robes of State, with the Princess GULZAR by his side, who was dressed in robes of the richest velvet, with a circlet of virgin gold, set with the most precious gems, for a turban, he received the homage of his Kingdom. Each Chieftain, as he entered the lists, bowed low to the aged Monarch, and kissed the tip of the golden sceptre, in token of submission and fealty to his throne. But the cheek of the Princess was pale as the lilies of the valley, and her heart throbbed wildly within her bosom: whilst at a distance stood the Dervise, clad in his plain and humble tunic, gazing on the assembled multitude with a carelessness of manner, as if the sports of the day were to him of small moment.

Yet it was the hand of the Princess, or a sum equal to her dowry, that the Shah had offered to him who should restore his child to health and beauty. Now she is again lovely and fair as when the King named her his favorite daughter, "GULZAR-E-IRAN," the Rose-Bower of Iran, but where is the bond of the King?

"Put not thy trust in Princes," were the words of wisdom, "nor thy faith in riches," whispered the humble Dervise.

But hark! The trumpet sounds and the lists are clearing for action, and, eager for the combat, the young Chief of Fars enters the field of glory. Young in years but daring in his nature, he has struck the shield of the Emeer of Irak, and dared him to the combat; who, nothing loth to break a lance with the young Chieftain, accepted the challenge, and entered the lists. Armed *cap-a-pie*, with lances in rest, each spurred his horse to the encounter, resolving to win the smile of beauty and the applause of the Shah; but the spear of

Fars was too light for the shield of Irak's warlike Emeer, and it snapt in twain as it struck his shield, leaving its master unhorsed and prostrate on the field. Again the trumpet sounded, and the noble Chief of Chusistan entered the lists, but his arm was too weak to battle with that of Irak's chieftain, for at the first onset he was pitched from his saddle like a bolt from a bow, whilst his horse curvetted around the ring, much to the amusement of the crowd.

Silence prevailed over the tented field, and few dared to enter the lists against the well-tried spear of Irak's Lord. Gloomily on his war-horse sat the Prince of Kerman, afraid to dare the combat, or match his skill against the spear of his rival; but the challenge was his own, and he must abide the result, or lose his honor and the hand of the lovely GULZAR.

Thrice had the trumpet sounded, and thrice had the warlike Emeer walked his horse round the enclosure, as Kerman's Prince sat resolving and re-resolving what to do. One minute more and the trumpet would sound its last notes of defiance, and the hand of the Princess would elude him forever: when—"Make way! make way!" was heard among the crowd, and a Chief, armed *cap-a-pie*, entered in the enclosure, and struck the shield of the warlike Emeer such a blow with his mailed hand as made the fire flash from the eyes of the haughty chieftain, who had till then flattered himself that the prize was his own. Every eye was fixed on the youthful warrior, and the heart of GULZAR leapt for joy, in the hope that it was her own MIRZA, but he wore not the plume of ABBAS, and his equipment was that of a Kurd. Slowly she closed her eyes, and sighed deeply, as if her heart was oppressed with grief.

On a stout war-horse, of the darkest jet, the Kurdish Chieftain met the glance of the Emeer. His breast was defended by a steel corselet, embossed, and inlaid with gold and silver; his pistols and dagger were stuck in his girdle, and a small cymetar hung by his side; his lance lay gracefully in its rest. Many a heart beat anxiously for the youthful stranger, as he rode around the lists, bowing to the veiled yet fair daughters of Iran. All wished that he might overcome the haughty Chieftain of Irak, but all feared the result of the encounter.

At the sound of the trumpet, he gracefully reined up his charger, and taking a sweep of half the circle, rushed to the combat with a lion's speed. Then was every eye strained to witness the fearful onset, and every ear was listening to hear the name of the victor. But it was but for a moment; for, emerging from the cloud of dust which the encounter raised around them, the black war-horse of the Kurd, with his gallant rider, rode triumphantly over the field, while the Lord of Irak lay unhorsed on the ground. Then rung the air with the sound of victory; and the cheek of the Princess crimsoned with blushes as the noble Kurd bent on his war-horse before the throne of her father, and kissed the golden sceptre as a token of his fealty, and her fond heart beat quick as her eye met the dark eye of the Chieftain, for she knew it was her own *ABBAS MIRZA*, and none but he.

The trumpet has again sounded, and the Prince of Kerman enters the lists of fame. Richly caparisoned, his war-horse curvetted and fretted around the enclosure, while its master vainly endeavored to soothe and calm it down. The Prince was dressed in a most gorgeous costume of black velvet, over which was seen a shirt of

the finest mail; his spear was carried by one of his desert warriors, who with its point struck the shield of the Kurdish Chieftain. This was to be the last encounter, and he who should come off the victor, would receive the hand of the lovely GULZAR, ranking next in dignity to the Shah himself.

Eagerly did the King scan the bearing of each Chieftain, and measure the chances that were against his favorite Prince, for he had promised him the hand of his daughter in marriage, if he came off with honor on the field of fame; and when he viewed the calm and gallant manner of the stranger, and compared it with that of the Prince, his heart foreboded defeat to the latter, yet he hoped something might occur so as to give him the victory. But the Shah was not long held in doubt, for at the first onset the horse of the Prince shrank and bolted from the track, leaving its master rolling on the ground, but untouched by the Kurdish spear, who, ashamed at the result, arose from the scene of disgrace and, bowing haughtily to the King, withdrew from the field amidst the laugh of the multitude.


"The Kurd! the Kurd!" was proclaimed by a thousand voices, and the Shah requested that he might be brought before him, to receive honor from his royal hand, and the sunny smile of the Princess, who now almost wept for joy. But nowhere could he be found—both horse and Chief were gone: none knew from whence they came and none knew whither they went. Great was the consternation in Teheran, and the brow of the King was wrapt in gloom; but the heart of GULZAR was glad, and her merry laugh was heard to ring through the halls of the Harem, and the Dervise rejoiced in the convalescence of his ward.

During the remainder of the day nothing was talked of but the gallant Kurd and his jet-black steed. Yet some whispered that it was none other than the evil spirit *AHRIMAN*, on his fatal horse *Kharfester*, for that none save he could have overcome the noble Prince of *Kerman*, or have conquered the warlike Emeer of *Irak*. That night the Magi were consulted, and the Imams prayed that the fatal spear of *AHRIMAN* might be kept far from the house of *AGA*.

The succeeding day was one of banquet and carousal, ordered to atone for the misfortune of the former; and the discomfitted Chieftains consoled themselves that they were only conquered by the evil one, or the power of magic, and that the hand of *GULZAR* was still open for competition, as no knight had claimed the victor's reward.

Again were assembled in the Hall of Audience all the wealth and beauty of *Iran*, and the minstrels were there with their harps, to sing in praise of their native Chieftains, at the sight of which *GULZAR* reminded her father of his promise to allow the Dervise to repeat the remainder of his tale, as all were anxious to know the fate of *AL-HASSAN*, and if he fell by the sword of the gallant *ZOHAIK*. At the request of the Shah, *HUMZA* took again the harp, and kneeling before the throne, thus began.

CANTO VI.



'Tis mid-night, and the camp's watch-fires
Burn dimly, whilst the gentle moon,
Shining amidst the starry choirs,
Silters the walls of Gomberoon.
The wearied soldier on his arms
Sleeps calmly, void of war's alarms;
The mighty war horse, champing, stands
Or slumbers upon Oman's sands,—
While round the camp the sentinel,
Like some lone spirit, silently
Walks in the gloom of night's dark pall,
List'ning if aught he can descry.

How still is night! The crystal wave
That plays in Oman's coral cave,
The pearly dew's that softly fall
Upon the rose's crimson cheek,
And the young zephyr's gentle call,
Waking the violet mild and meek,
Breaks on the ear in music low,
While 'midst the myrtle leaves the wind
Sighs like some heart surcharged with woe,
Mourning the death of some lov'd friend.

But hark! I hear the muezzin's call:

It is that dark and dreary hour

When night walks thro' earth's ebon hall,

And nature bends beneath her power.

See yon dark cloud, how noiselessly

It sails along the azure sky:

And look! within its canopy

Sits night's lone queen, with joyless eye.

The sapphire stars, like jewels bright,

Sparkle upon her velvet shroud,

As proudly steps the queen of night

From out her gloom-wrapt car, the cloud.

The stars grow dim beneath her frown,

The burning planets fainter glow,

Upon her head she wears a crown

Of leaves plucked from the cypress bough:

Her step is on the curling waves,

I hear the sweeping of her train

Rustling amidst the laurel leaves

That lifeless strew El-Bunder's plain.

This is the bride of ancient Time—

The queen of chaos—from whose womb

Arose the world in vernal prime,

E'er earth or man had shared their doom.

What is this world on which I tread?⁽¹⁾

Those brilliant stars that o'er me shine?

How great the pow'r that o'er me spread

Heaven's sapphire banner-work divine!

If from the dark and dread abyss

Of gloomy chaos sprang to light

So fair a world, ye spheres of bliss,

Shining upon the brow of night,

Tell me, from whence your brilliancy?

O, tell me who and what ye are,
That I may view with gifted eye
The fortunes of each burning star.
Ye answer not—but there ye shine,
Bright, beautiful, thro' boundless space,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by crime,
Rejoicing in your endless race.
Earth groans with years, her hills decay,
Her fairest flowers bloom but to fade,
The eternal mountains melt away,
And grey with age is Nature's head;
The Ocean, she who proudly laughs
At wearied Earth, still onward rolls
Her booming waters, as she quaffs
The life-blood of the zone and poles:
But she, e'en she, by course of years,
Must be a thing of memory—
Though now her head she proudly rears,
Scorning her fatal destiny.

“God of my fathers!—MAH'MY'S God!

“Whose throne is Heaven, whose car the cloud,

“Whose chariot is the viewless wind,

“Before whom Earth and Ocean bend,

“Before whose throne Archangels kneel,

“And chaunt on golden harps thy praise—

“Whose power the damned spirits feel,

“Whose love creation's work displays—

“Behold a suppliant lowly bow

“Before thy throne of mercy now:

“Thou Eternal One, whose fiat brought

“From nothingness this beauteous world,

“And Heaven’s star-cinctured banner wrought,
 “Which o’er creation’s night unfurl’d,
“Thou saidst ‘Let light be’—and light was,
 “Obedient to Thy high command.
“Through darksome night its rays did pass,
 “And cheer’d with life a sunless land—
“Thou spak’st, and back the foaming sea
“Roll’d its wild waves tumultuously;
“Earth deck’d herself in robes of green,
 “With silvery lake and crystal rill.
“Well pleas’d, Thou bless’d the glorious scene
 “Which rose obedient to Thy will,
“And when the Day-God rose in light,
“From the soft couch of ebon night,
“And rolling up the arch of Heaven
 “His golden car, and from above
“Beheld this world, like star of even,
 “Reflecting back his beams of love,
“He sung for joy,—and all the choirs
“Which circled ’round him struck their lyres,
“And welcom’d to their joyous throng
“The new-born orb with heavenly song.
“The Earth is Thine—each hill and dale,
 “The birds that fly the ambient air,
“The beasts that roam in verdant vale
 “Or burning desert own Thy care:
“But chiefly man!—for Thou hast given
“To him dominion under Heaven,
“And with Thy image stamp’d his soul,
 “As with a diamond signet-ring,
“And given him power from pole to pole
 “To rule as doth a crowned King.
“If this be so, then why should man

"With sceptic mind Thy actions scan,
 "And dare to doubt, with impious soul,
 "The power of ALLAH to control
 "The laws which rule the earth and sky,
 "Whose wisdom, goodness, strength, and truth
 "The Heavens proclaim to every eye,
 "From hoary age to sportive youth?
 "Great ALLAH let me still recline ⁽²⁾
 "Upon that arm and shield of thine,—
 "That arm that smote the daring hand
 "Which strove to shake thy Prophet's throne,
 "That shield 'neath which his fainting band
 "Protection found, when death's red spear
 "Had on the field the bravest strewn
 "Like wither'd leaves in autumn sear,
 "And Hope's pure flame in MAH'MY's breast
 "Burnt faint and dim, and all was lost
 "Had not Thy arm his wrongs redrest,
 "And crushed for aye the impious host
 "Who triumphed in that field of death."

Thus HAMET mused before he flung
 Himself upon his leafy couch:
 His heart's life-cords with faith were strung,
 Responsive to the lightest touch.
 But who is HAMET, at whose words, ⁽³⁾
 Like lightning leap ten thousand swords—
 Whose voice commands the stormy tide
 Of yon dark host on Oman's side?
 A dream is o'er him—and his soul
 In mem'ry flies to Ispahand,
 Like arrow to the distant goal,
 Shot by a skilful archer's hand.

The waters of the Zenderoud
Are glancing brightly in the sun,
Save where Zem's dungeon, like a cloud,
Casts o'er their breast its shadow dun,
And, save the Harem's minarets
And gilded domes, which brightly gleam
Upon its breast, away it leaps
Like thing of life in morning's beam.
But all is silence in those halls,
Save the lone mourning sound of woe,
Re-echoed by the massive walls,
True to the plaint of friend or foe.

Silence is deep o'er Ispahand,
And sorrow reigns o'er all the land,
For treason stalks, with stealthy step,
From Gomberoon to Al-Calep,
And 'round the watch-word quickly flies:
"This night, by steel, great NADIR dies,
"When o'er the heights of Louristan
"Shines the last rays of evening's sun,
"And NADIR with young ALI seeks
"The grave where low AYESHA sleeps.
"MOUSSA be there, and HUSSIFF too,
"With BABA, ZEBÄ—all, my friends,
"True to the time as when the dew
"From Heaven's black arch at eve descends."
Thus Hassan spoke.

Away! away!
Fast flies the light of closing day!
Sol's golden rays now scarcely tinge
The Harem's roof, and Kornah's stream,

As with a veil, the acacias fringe,
Half shading evening's purple beam,
Whilst sweetly 'midst the rose's leaves
His tale of love the bulbul breathes,
And, borne upon the balmy breeze,
The fire-flies flit among the trees;
And now the Muezzin from the tower
Proclaims aloud the evening hour,
When every knee is made incline
In prayer at Mecca's sacred shrine;
And as the lingering rays of day
Melted in dimness fast away,
And Luna, with her silv'ry beam,
Kiss'd the pure breast of Kornah's stream,
Great NADIR left the Harem's bower
For 'YESHA's grave, to mourn awhile,
And ALI, at that pleasing hour,
He there would meet, and there beguile
Their deathless sorrows.

Hark! a sound!
Like noiseless step on sacred ground!
'Twas but the wind amidst the leaves,
Or red-bird in the almond-grove,
Seeking its mate at dewy eve,
To tell its melting tale of love.

The simoom's breath had swept the land,
And sorrow reign'd o'er Ispahand,
For, like the plague, where'er it pass'd,
They who inhaled it breathed their last:
Some lay convuls'd with torturing pain,
Till madness seiz'd the burning brain,

And some were blasted like the pine,
Struck by the lightning's lurid wing,
And some by lone yet sure decline,
Upon death's grave stood hovering.
Then Famine raised her hungry maw,
Scorning alike both king and law:
The fields were left untill'd, and men
Grew like the beasts of brake and fen,
And on each other looked as they
Were doomed to be each other's prey;
While those who hated NADIR's line
Began in secret to repine,
And talk'd that blood, and blood alone,
Was made the base of NADIR's throne,
And that the Samiel's wind was sent
By ALLAH as a punishment
For NADIR's crimes, and nought would stay
Great ALLAH's anger save the blood
Of NADIR, for they deem'd his crimes
Were numerous as the clouds of day,
When thousands veil the vaulted sky,
Or leaves that clothe the deep green wood,
Or sands that by the ocean lie.
And HASSAN joined the trait'rous band—
He who had been by NADIR rais'd
To power and might in Ispahand,
He who by NADIR oft was prais'd,
And named the Chief of Louristand:
Bold as a lion in the field,
And, save young ALI's, Iranstand
Owned not a braver sword and shield.
But he was guileful as the snake,
And treach'rous as the shifting sand,

And ruthless as the fiery flake
 Thrown by the siroc's baneful hand.
His youth was pass'd in sweet Shiraz,
 Amidst the gardens of the sun,
Where every flower that is or was,
 Was blooming to be gazed upon;
And he had with *AYESHA* spent
 Youth's happiest, brightest, dearest hour:
Where'er he roamed, where'er he went,
 She was to him his guiding star,
Until young *ALI* sought the bower
 Of sweet Shiraz, and gain'd her love.
Then fled his kindness, and his soul
 Turn'd like the fated fiend of hell,
Despising each and all control—
He swore their happy loves to mar,
 And by his wiles *AYESHA* fell.
The cloud of night has veil'd the sky,
 As with a mantle dark and deep,
And not one star is seen on high,
 The watches of the night to keep.
Why lingers *NADIR* by the tomb,
When nature wears so dread a gloom?
Does *ALI*'s heart no warning feel,
Does nature to his breast reveal
No inward symptom? 'Tis the hour
 Which *HASSAN* with his murd'rous band
Have set to blast the royal power
 Of him from whom he holds his brand.
Great *ALLAH*! not one thought of fear
The breasts of *NADIR*, *ALI* bear!
Fear, danger? These are thoughts which they
 In life or death had never felt,

And now to fear at close of day,
As by *AYESHA*'s grave they knelt?
Away the thought! They would not fear
Although a thousand darts should rear
Their steely points around their heads—
The grave by which they mourning kneel
May be to them their gory bed,
But fear! O no! they cannot feel!

As glides the spectre from the tomb,⁽⁴⁾
With noiseless step and form of air,
So glides *AL-HASSAN* thro' the gloom,
The damning deed of death to dare.
But not alone he draws his sword,
Five hundred slaves obey his word:
E'en now they circle round that spot
Where low in death *AYESHA* sleeps,
Their perjured souls to stain with blood
With crimes at which fair nature weeps.
As bounds the lion in his lair,
When foes surround on every side,
So leap'd young *ALI* from the grave
Of her who lately was his bride,
And as the rock in ocean's wave,
Great *NADIR* met his trait'rous foe;
And long he foil'd his sword and spear,
And dealt full many a fatal blow.
He placed his foot against the grave,
The tomb of her he fondly loved,
While round him swept his trusty glave
Sword that was oft in battle prov'd.
HARFA and *EKMUT*, *ZIBA* dies,
And *TAMASP*, *HOOFER* bleeding lies,

MIFRA and MOUSSA sleep in death,
And TERHAND struggling pants for breath—
Yet on they push their swarthy forms,
Like angry clouds 'fore thunder storms.
On, on they rush! and HASSAN calls—
“Heaven is the home of him who falls!”
On, on they come! and SHAPOOR's soul
By ALI's sword is sent to hell—
KIRBA and MUFROO, ORMUZOL,
As struck by lightning, lifeless fell.

Now well nigh had the traitors fled,
And HASSAN's life the treason paid,
But NADIR, fighting 'midst the blood
That flowed around him like a flood
Of liquid life, had slipped his ground,
And fell amidst the gory tide,
Which ALI saw, and with one bound
Stood by the fallen warrior's side.
But round them quick the traitors close,
And fast and furious fell their blows,
Till spear of friend crossed friendly spear,
And traitors' breasts met traitors' steel,
O! could the heart of NADIR fear,
Now was the time that pang to feel,
For still they press'd as if to brave
The pains of death and find a grave,
And many a traitors' soul was sent
To MUNKEIR's bar for punishment—
For heads fell like autumnal leaves
In forest deep, when Boreas breathes,
And blood bestained the verdant sod,
Till all the ground on which they trod

Was slippery as the icy brook,
And Kornah's stream that once so bright,
Now wore a dark and troubled look,
Like moon eclipsed at dead of night.

O! could but NADIR once regain
Firm footing on that gory plain,
Then might the tide of battle turn,
And HASSAN find a living urn.
But all in vain!—dark HASSAN came,
And in the rising warrior's side
Plunged his cursed sword with deadly aim.
Forth flowed the heart's-blood crimson-tide,
And bleeding by him faintly falls
The hope and flower of Iranstand.

In vain for aid he feebly calls—

Dark HASSAN rules his native land:

In vain he call'd, for NADIR slept

Death's long, and lonely, dreamless sleep,

And he who o'er AYESHA wept

No more shall ever mourn or weep.

“He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,

“The dews of the night rust his sword and his spear,

“No more on his ear will the war carriage rattle,

“The warrior is lonely and cold on his bier;

“He fell in his age, by the hand of a traitor,

“His sword it was wet with the blood of a slave”;

The plume that was first on the field of Moorchacor,

By HASSAN was trampled in dust by his grave.

He fell in his age, like the oak of the mountain

Uptorn from its root by the blast of the sky,

His home it is childless, and broken his fountain,

And lowly that penant that fluttered so high.

Let Delhi rejoice — Memanhdost and Sirderra,
 Affghanistan's dark maidens no longer be sad,
The Lord of the Caspian, Kharizm, Bokhara,
 Has fought his last field, and in death's robes is clad.
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
 The dews of the night rust his sword and his spear,
No more on his ear will the war-carriage rattle,
 The warrior is lonely and cold on his bier.

There is a cell in Zem's dark tower,
 In which the sun-beam never play'd,
From which, at midnight's dreary hour,
 Enough to make the soul afraid,—
Wild shrieks have come, and sighs have burst
As if some breast by fiends accurs'd
Was tortur'd, till the maddening pain
 Would thrill the vitals of the heart;
Then all would be so still again,
 The slightest sound would make you start.
Within that tower a captive lay,
Chain'd to the damp and clammy clay,
His beard was long and dusky white,
 His eye, sunk 'neath his haggard brow,
Was motionless, and dark as night;
 That brow, impressed with stamp of woe
And suffering keen; his thin grey hair
 Hung round his shoulders, and his cheek
Was bloodless, as if cold despair
 Had chill'd his soul, his limbs were weak
As the green willow by the brook;
 His lips were speechless as the grave,

Yet by his dark and fiendish look

You well could tell who in that cave
Slept death's unbroken, dreamless sleep:

'Twas YEMAN! God of heav'n defend

The bleeding captive from *his* doom!
To ALI's troubled spirit send

Some soothing balsam:—cheer the gloom
That gathers round his sinking soul,

For here to live, alone to die,
Unheeded and forgot by all,

Unheard by ear, unseen by eye,
Oh, ALLAH! this is misery!

O, wearily, wearily passed the time

From night to morn, from morn to night,
As he listen'd to the passing camel's chime,

Or watch'd the dull grey shade of light
That thro' his grated windows stole,
As comfort to the captive's soul.

Strange, O! strange is captivity!

As it breaks on the heart that so late was free,
Like the mildew's blight to the budding flower,

Or shade of sorrow on childhood's brow,
Blasting and blighting with fatal power,

The heart's young hope and the cheek's fresh glow.
O! wearily, wearily pass'd the day,

As ALI sat by the icy dead,

And witness'd its lone yet sure decay,

As the lines of life from his forehead fled;
And dark the dream that would mar his rest,

While he slumber'd within that dungeon's gloom:
Unlike those visions of gladness blest,


That brighten'd his path in his childhood's bloom,

Whilst spring, and summer, and autumn came
To him in mock'ry, and winter hoar
He only knew by the torrent's roar,
Or the colder dews that chill'd his frame.
O! wearily, wearily time roll'd on,
As, chain'd to the dungeon's cold black stone,
The pride of Iran was made to feel
The wrath of HASSAN by fire and steel.
He sought not mercy, he knew 'twas vain—
AL-HASSAN laugh'd to scorn his pain,
And like the tiger at break of day,
Gloating over the young gazelle,
Or serpent coiling around its prey,
So seem'd AL-HASSAN in Zem's lone cell,
With breast bestain'd with the darkest crime
That ever crimson'd the page of time.

Away! away! long years have pass'd,
And ALI sleeps as if 'twere the last
Long sleep of death: Away! away!
His soul is struggling to leave its clay!
The dews of death on his brow are damp,
Where AZRAEL set his icy stamp,
And dim and glassy is now his eye,
Which once beam'd bright as the star-lit sky;
The captive's hand on his breast is laid,
Pulseless and cold as the dungeon's stone
On which is resting his senseless head,
As if the soul from its seat had flown.
His sword may hang in its gem-wrought sheath,
And useless his gold-embossed shield,
And his spear, that once swept the ranks of death,
Like a meteor dire, on Moorchacoor's field,

Will useless stand in his father's hall,
 Whilst the name of ALI, like an early dream,
 Away will pass down oblivion's stream,
Forgot by one and forgot by all!

NOTES TO CANTO VI.



(1) "What is this world on which I tread?"

According to the system of cosmogony in the Zendavesta, the duration of the present universe is fixed at twelve thousand years, which is subdivided into four terms; and to each of these is appropriated a peculiar series of events. During the first period, Ormuzd, alarmed by the appearance of Ahriman, the spirit of evil, "at an immeasurable distance beneath him, covered with filth and putridity, employed himself in creating the universe and the celestial inhabitants. Of these beings the first were the Fehrohrs, or the spiritual prototypes, the embodied angels, of every reasonable being destined to appear on earth. Ahriman, alarmed at these new instances of power, flew, with malign intent, towards the light; but a single enunciation of the Honover sent him back to darkness, where he immediately called into being a number of devils and evil spirits, designed to oppose the works of Ormuzd. Ormuzd then, to protect his young creation, produced or called into existence six Angels or Amshaspunds of superior power and virtue. These were called Ardibehesht, guardian of the genius of fire and light; Shahriwar, spirit of the metal and the mine; Espendermad, the female guardian of the earth; Kourdad, who diffuses the blessings of running streams; Amerdad, who watches over the growth of plants and trees; and Bahman, to whom was intrusted the animal creation. Ahriman, to counteract their influence, called up from the abyss of darkness, six Deeves, between whom a contest was waged for the space of three thousand years; at the termination of which Ormuzd called into being the heavens, and their celestial systems—the earth, with its complicated productions. Serooch, guardian of the earth, and Behram, armed with a mighty club and arrows, were

formed to repel the attacks of Ahriman. Mythra, the mediator, and Rash-in-Rast, the genius of justice, with numerous other spirits, were called forth to assist in repelling the powers of darkness, and angels were appointed to protect every being. The stars and planets, the months of the year, the days, and even watches of the day, had each their attendant spirit—all nature teems with them—all space is pervaded with them.

A period of peace and tranquility then ensued, or the first golden age of the world: the year was one uninterrupted day of happiness, the skies were calm and beautiful, and nature wore her brightest and fairest robes; no change of seasons perplexed the world, but one unbroken spring with leaves and flowers perfumed the earth. The Feroher being delighted with the harmony which reigned on the earth, Ormuzd proposed that he should descend, and help to eradicate all evil, promising that the souls of human beings should finally return to their divine mansions. The Feroher obeyed, and was embodied with the form of the Sacred Bull—Aboudad, the man bull, the Excellent, the Pure, the Principle of all Good. Ahriman, in the depths of hell, trembled at this intelligence. Stimulated by his Deeves, and particularly by the evil genius, Djeme, he mustered his spirits, and, ascending in the form of a monstrous serpent, covered the earth with noxious animals. In the shape of a huge fly, he polluted every thing, and insinuated his poison into all nature; by means of a burning draught, he parched the face of the whole earth, and caused his Deeves to strike the Sacred Bull with a fatal wound. But the benevolent design of Ormuzd was not to be defeated. From the right limb of the dying beast issued Kayomurz, the first man, and from the rest of its members sprang a number of the vegetable productions which were to render the earth fruitful. Its seed was carried to the moon, and, purified by Ormuzd, produced a bull and cow, from whence all animals took their origin. Kayomurz was of lofty aspect, pure, and of dazzling substance: his body was composed of the four elements, fire, water, air, and earth. Ormuzd to this perishable frame added an immortal spirit, and the being was complete.

The soul of man is composed of five separate parts: First, the Feroher, or principle of sensation; the Boo, or principle of intelligence: the Rouh, the principle of judgment, imagination, volition;

the Akho, or principle of conscience; the Jan, or principle of animal life. When the first four of these cannot subsist in the body without the last, they abandon their earthly abode, the Jan mingles with the winds, and the Akho returns to the heavens with the celestial Rouhs, or spirits, to abide the day of judgment. If good predominates, they remain in heaven, and are admitted into the state of the happy, but if evil they are sent to hell.

Such is the soul of man, according to the Zendavesta, and such was Kayomurz, created to be immortal, and sprinkled with the waters of Khei, which rendered him beautiful as a youth of fifteen. But neither his comeliness, nor the power of Ormuzd could avert the malice of Ahriman, who, after a severe conflict of ninety days, succeeded in destroying him. On his death, the principle of regeneration was confided to Ardibchesht, the genius of fire, which being, purified by the action of the sun, after a space of forty years produced a tree or plant representing two human bodies. These were Maschia and Maschiana, the parents of the human race: names which signify death. Yet, although they were created pure, and capable of serving their Creator, and of enjoying perfect felicity, they are tempted to rebel and worship Ahriman instead of Ormuzd. They then became damned, and their souls polluted; the earth was overrun with Kharfesters, or evil spirits, who inhabited the caverns and recesses. A flood was sent which destroyed them; but from their foul remains arose noisome animals, reptiles, and putridity. The unhappy pair plunged deeper into sin; and, listening to the temptations of Ahriman, they drank of the milk of the evil goat, and eat forbidden fruit, thereby forfeiting the few remaining privileges. In these struggles elapsed the third era of the duration of the universe.

During the fourth period Ahriman is to prevail: misery and desolation shall brood over the earth; and three Prophets shall appear, under the last of whom, named Sosioch, a rain of black water shall precede the renewal of nature, the resurrection of mankind, and the final judgment. But annihilation even for a time forms no part of the doctrine of Zoroaster. At death the materials of the body regain their respective elements: earth to earth, fire to fire, air to air, and water to water: the last hours of the Parsee is stripped of its terrors. For three days after the dissolution of the body, the soul flits around it; on the fourth the Angel Siroch

appears, and conducts it to the bridge of Chinevad, where sits the Angel of Justice, to weigh the actions of men; and according to his decisions the heavenly dog who guards the sacred gate, permits it to enter and join its ancestors in heaven, or precipitates it down to the gulf of hell, which yawns below, where Ahriman taunts it for its folly and crimes.

The resurrection is the true trumpet of Ormuzd and his worshippers. In that day Kayomurz will first arise; then Maschia, and his Maschiana. The judgment will occupy fifty-seven years, during which period the Genii of the Elements must render up their trust. The soul will know its earthly companion, and re-enter it. The juice of the herb Hom and the milk of Hesiosk will restore life to man, who then becomes immortal.

Then follows the separation of the good and the evil. They who have not, in the intermediate state, expiated their sins, are again sent to hell, but not for eternal punishment. The tortures of three awful days and nights, equal to an agony of three thousand years, suffice for the purification of the most wicked. The voice of pain ascending up from the gulf of hell, melts to pity the heart of Ormuzd, and the damned find mercy. An Angel is sent to draw them from that awful pit of misery, they are washed in the waters of life, and admitted into Paradise, after being thoroughly purified with the burning liquid of an expiring world. This is the last of their miseries: hell itself, and all its demons shall be cleansed; Ahriman, no longer irreclaimable, shall be converted to goodness, and become a minister of the Most High. — FRAZIER'S PERSIA.

(2) "Great ALLAH, let me still recline
Upon that sword and shield of Thine."

In one of the early battles of the Prophet, when his troops were almost broken, and himself bleeding from many wounds, a horseman entered the battle on a milk-white steed, his shield and armor shone with the most dazzling lustre, around his sword's point the wing of the lightning was seen to play, his path was death, a panic seized the enemy, they threw down their arms, and fled. When the battle was over, Mohammed requested the young chief to be brought before him, but he could not be found. Many believed that it was the Angel Gabriel. — LIFE OF MOHAMMED.

(3) "But who is HAMET," &c.

We have founded our tale on the early life and sufferings of the celebrated Nadir Shah, and his gallant successor, the noble Kureem Khan. At the age of eighty years Kureem died, leaving a name second to none in the annals of Persia for equity and humanity: wanting not ambition, yet free from the selfishness and turbulence of passion. He rose to be King, having subdued or conquered all his opponents.

He possessed that noble courage which dares to pardon, and the confidence with which he treated those whom he forgave, scarcely ever was misplaced. Pious, yet free from austerity, he loved the pleasures of this world, and was pleased to see others enjoy them. His judgment was acute, and his love of justice proverbial; learning he highly valued, and his court was the resort of the wise and good. Shiraz was the capital in which he most delighted, and which he embellished and adorned with many works of art: the Mausoleum of Shah Meer Humza is one of them.

(4) "As glides the spectre from the tomb,
With noiseless step and form of air."

Nadir Kouli, a chief of the Affshar tribe, who amid the troubles of his native land, had risen to great importance and authority by the defeat of one rival after another, joined Tamasp, the son of Shah Hussien, and declared his resolution to drive every Affghan from the soil of Persia. The victories of Mehmandost Sirderra, and the still more fatal field of Moorchacor, opened the way to the capital itself. In the evening the wailing of the Affghan females announced to the inhabitants of Ispahan the result of the conflict. Night passed in brief but melancholy preparations, and the dawn saw men, women, and children in full retreat to Shiraz. A few years afterwards saw Nadir undisputed master of the realms of Persia, when, on the field of Mogan, at the feast of No Rooz, he assumed the ensigns of royalty. He afterwards drove the Turks out of Persia, reduced Khorassan, Candahar was invaded and taken, Balk fell before the arms of his son Reza Kouli, who with youthful ardor passed the Oxus and defeated the ruler of Bokhara and his Usbecks. Affghanistan was subdued, and an affront, real or

imaginary, given by the Mogul, determined Nadir to cross the Indus and march to Delhi. A single battle decided the fate of that Empire, and the treasures of the capital became the spoil of the conqueror. Karizm was also subdued, and the timely obeisance of Bokhara saved it from destruction: the glorious days of Persia seemed to have returned and the Oxus, the Indus, the Caspian, the Caucasus, and the Tigris were her limits as of yore.

But age threw its mantle of ills around the latter years of the glorious reign of Nadir, and his domestic life was embittered by the defalcation of his son, who, at Mazunderan, attempted the life of the Shah, for which he suffered death.

In the retirement of his harem, remorse preyed upon the mind of the King: gloom and disquietude usurped the seat of joy and happiness, until madness for a season seized the reins of his mind; his friends forsook him: feared and hated by his officers, a conspiracy was formed against his life, and one morning he was slain by Saleh Beg, captain of the guard, aided by Mohammed Khan, and others, but he fell not until several of the conspirators died beneath his sword. Such was the fate of this extraordinary man.—
FRAZIER'S HISTORY OF PERSIA.

- (5) “There is a cell in Zem’s dark tower,
In which the sun-beam never played.”

As examples of the mode of punishment sometimes practised in Persia by the Shah against a Noble that may fall under his displeasure, or of whom he may be afraid, we give the following:

“The darkest stains on this Monarch’s character are the murder of his uncle Zaduk and his ungrateful conduct to his old and zealous minister, Hajji Ibrahim. The assassination of his relative might be defended under the plea of State policy and stern necessity, but that could not palliate the treachery and cruelty which accompanied the act.”

“Zaduk Khan, unable any longer to contend against his nephew Futeh Ali Shah, surrendered on the most sacred promise that he should not be put to death. The King confined him in a room, built up the doors and windows, and left him to die by inches, conceiving this to be no violation of his oath. When the apartment was opened

it was discovered that the miserable captive had dug deep into the floor with his hands, and swallowed the clay to assuage the pangs of hunger."

"Hajji Ibrahim: Under accusations fabricated by his enemies, this aged and faithful Minister was condemned to lose his eyes; and while suffering under the cruel operation, some expressions escaped him reflecting on the injustice and ingratitude of Kings, which being carried to the Shah, the old Hajji was ordered to have his tongue cut out. He died under the torment. His family were proscribed, and his property confiscated — PERSIAN HISTORY.

A tear was seen to glisten in the eyes of the Dervise as the last echo of his harp died away in the distance, and the cheek of the Princess grew pale as she mused over the fate of the gallant **ALI**, confined in the lone dungeons of Zem. She thought of her own **ABEAS MIRZA**, of his long absence, perhaps caused by a dreary imprisonment, the result of her Father's anger, and her eye sought that of the Monarch's, who was gazing on his child. Often did the mind of **AGA** revert to the barbarous death of the mighty **NADIR**, and sometimes a thought would intrude itself upon him, that such a fate might be his own; for he, like that warlike Monarch, was in his old age, left almost childless and lonely, for all save his lovely daughter **GULZAR** had died, and her hand was too feeble to wield the sceptre of Iran: his crown would fall a prey to the most warlike and fortunate of his nobles, and his child might one day be immured in the Harem of his foe. Her cousin, **HUSSEIN KHULI**, she loved not, and the late disgrace of the Chief of Kerman in the tented field, by the Kurdish chieftain, had in a great measure weaned the affections of **AGA** from giving him his child.

The form of the gallant **ABBAS MIRZA** in fancy now stood before him, and a shade of sorrow passed over the brow of the Shah. It was when he thought of **MIRZA**, that the eye of **GULZAR** met that of her father; and as if imbued with one feeling, she fell on his neck, and **AGA** kissed his daughter and wept. The audience sympathized in their sorrow, all except the Prince of Kerman, who turned aside and smiled.

Again the harp of HUMZA is heard breathing its thrilling numbers and every heart beats anxiously for the result of the coming strife.

CANTO VII.

'Tis midnight! O'er the dewy plain
Sleep hath o'erspread her leaden wing,
The laugh of joy, the shriek of pain
Are hush'd to peace; and Iran's King,
The care-worn HAMET, calmly sleeps,
Whilst by his side night's vigil keeps
The youthful HAFIZ. All is rest:
The sea-bird floats on ocean's breast,
The red-deer safe in covert lies,⁽¹⁾
Unmindful of the jackall's cries,
And browsing 'midst the tender trees
The camels scent the coming breeze
That gently ruffles Oman's sea,
Freighted with gums from Araby.
A dream is over Iran's chief,
But not a dream of care or grief:
The dungeon's gloom is past and gone,
The star of love now o'er him beams,
His couch and pillow softest down,
Of Ormuz isle he fondly dreams.
He dreams of AMEER's peerless daughter,
Bright as a pearl in Oman's water,

The young MOSSELLA, she whose smile
Had cheered him in his hours of pain,
As friendless, when to 'Ormuz isle
He fled from HASSAN's lawless reign.

There is a bower in Ormuzstand,
And he is dreaming of that bower,
Its roof was weaved by fairy hand,
With roses and the orange flower,
And oft when Luna's silvery beam
Would lamp the concave of the sky,
MOSSELLA there would come to dream
Of love that ne'er, O ne'er can die.
Soft was the night—the young moon mild,
With evening's love-born star so bright,
Like mother and her peerless child,
In beauty climbed the realms of light.
Soft was the night, and sweet the hour
When AMEER's lovely daughter came
To meet young HAMET in that bower,
And breathe love's wild and burning flame.
And they have met, and ne'er again
Will two hearts meet more void of guile.
O! why should joy be mix'd with pain?
Why should the eye not always smile?
For HAMET loved her with a love
So pure and chaste that few dare know,
Save Peris in the realms above,
Whose breasts with heavenly ardor glow;
And she had thrown her heart, her soul
Away in love at HAMET's feet—
In life, in death, he was the goal
Where all her hopes and joys would meet.

Her father, Ormuz's haughty lord,
Had sworn upon his father's sword
Eternal love to Persia's King,
 (Dark HASSAN, HAMET's mortal foe,
Whose hate was deadly as the sting
 Of reptile from the shades below,)
But knew not HAMET, save as one
 Who sought his standard for renown,
Knew not his daughter's heart was gone,
 Knew not on whom her love was thrown,
And well he knew not, for O never
 Would HAMET meet his MOSSELLA:
An arrow from her father's quiver
 Had laid him low in silent clay.
But they are met in Ormuz bower,
At evening's soft and witching hour,
And she is dreaming on his breast,
The sweet, the lov'd, the young, the blest,
Dreaming of years of happiness,
Of joys that ne'er may come to pass.

Who has not dream'd the dream of youth,
When life seem'd all array'd in truth,
The stars that gem'd the azure sky,
 The crimson clouds of rosy even,
Seem'd spirits of the world on high,
 Clothed in the glorious robes of heaven,
When hope across our path would fling
Deceptive flowers of opening spring,
Leading us on from flower to flow'r,
 From morn to night, from night to morn,
Until we found that every flow'r
 Beneath its leaf concealed a thorn?

"Thou lov'st me, dearest," HAMET said,
"Yet poor 's the gift—a widow'd heart—
"For I must leave my Ormuz maid.
"Nay, do not weep, tho' we must part:
"My bleeding country claims my sword,
"Else never would I leave this isle.
"Thy father, HASSAN, Persia's lord,
"Has won with words of fraud and guile:
"Yes, he is now dark HASSAN's friend,
"And I no more his cup may drink,
"Yet ne'er to thee I'll feel unkind,
"Or one harsh thought shall ever think.
"Come near me, dearest, let me kiss
"The tear that dims thine eye of light;
"Ours have been days of happiness,
"Altho' they may seem sad to-night.
"A few short moons, and we will meet
"Again in time no more to part:
"Till then let ALLAH bode me speed,
"Till then let ALLAH soothe thy heart."

"O, HAMET, HAMET! do not leave me!
"Where'er thou goest there will I go,
"The world would be one blank without thee,
"To me a world of care and woe.
"My father—nay, O! do not blame,
"He owns thy valor, claims thy sword;
"Stay, HAMET! stay! thou mayest reclaim
"Him from the wiles of Persia's lord.
"Thou saidst thou loved'st thy Ormuz maid:
"I am my father's only child,
"His friend, his fame, demands thy aid,
"And I thy sword and stainless shield.

“Entreat not! do not ask me—no!
“I will not leave in life thy side:
“In joy or grief, in weal or woe,
“I’ll be thy own, thy loving bride!
“In life, in death, my throbbing heart
“Shall beat in truth and love to thine,
“Thy home my home, we ne’er shall part,
“Thy country and thy God are mine.
“Thou frownest!—Gracious ALLAH save
“My father from a bloody grave!
“O HAMET, HAMET, in thine eye
“I see a fire that speaks of death!
“’Tis like the star that flames on high,
“When thousands strew the gory heath.
“Say who thou art, from whence you came,
“Thy birth, thy lineage, or thy name;
“I know by these proud looks of scorn
“Not always, HAMET, hast thou borne
“Thy present bearing, but to me
“Be always HAMET, for to thee
“My beating heart in fondness turns,
“E’en when thine eye with anger burns,
“Still, HAMET, still to thee I cling
“Like bird beneath its mother’s wing,
“Through life and death with thee I’ll stray,
“And be thy own lov’d MOSSELLA.”

“Fear not, my dearest,” HAMET said,
“I am thy own lov’d HAMET still:
“But cease to ask for HASSAN aid,
“My hand has sworn to work him ill.
“Thy father, him my sword shall spare,
“My shield shall guard his aged head,

“Afar or near shall be my prayer,
“To save from harm my Ormuz maid.
“My name? Go ask Moorchacor’s plain,
“Bokhara’s wilds, or Kerman’s sands,
“Go ask Sirderra’s lifeless slain,
“Or Delhi’s waste and conquer’d lands.
“There stands my fame: but now I wear
“A widowed heart, surcharged with care.
“She whom I lov’d sleeps death’s lone sleep,
“Where HAMET dares not mourn or weep;
“But here I swear by ANTAR’s brand,
“And by my own undaunted hand,
“That silvery moon shall never wane
“Until upon the gory plain
“I HASSAN meet, ne’er, ne’er to part,
“Until his sword shall pierce my heart,
“Or mine shall lay the tyrant low,
“Plucking from off his blood-stained brow
“The Persian crown. My country free,
“Then, dearest, I’ll return to thee,
“To live in love in Ormuz isle,
“And bask in sweet MOSSELLA’s smile.”

But hark!—it is the morning hour,
And HAMET’s dreams dissolve in air,
Whilst Mollahs from El-Bunder’s tower
Proclaim aloud the hour of prayer.
ALLAH-IL-ALLAH!—God is God!
His sun is in the orient sky,
And, bursting thro’ night’s sable cloud,
His car of glory mounts on high!
The sun is up, the glorious sun,
Casting aside night’s shadows dun,
And HAMET from his rosy dreams

Wakes into life 'neath morning's beams,
But e'er he woke one fond embrace
He dreamed he took of MOSSELLA,
That time nor tide shall e'er efface
From his fond heart.

Away! away!

The sun is up! El-Bunder's tower
And HAMET's camp with armor gleam!
Away! away!—it is the hour
When nature wakes 'neath morning's beam.
But where is HAFIZ, he whose eyes
Should be like watch-fires of the night,
Guarding his lord from quick surprise,
From traitor's steel, or foeman's might?
But he, unused night's watch to keep,
The weary page was fast asleep,
And he, like HAMET, too was dreaming
Of fond eyes that were o'er him beaming,
And words of love so kindly spoken,
And hearts that well-nigh had been broken,
And scenes of joy that ne'er again
Would to his longing heart return,
And flickering hopes, that but remain
Like lamps that light death's lonely urn.
The dews of night had fallen fast,
And damp'd his hair and chilled his breast,
Cold, cold he lay on Oman's sand,
A stranger in a distant land:
The soldier's tent, the soldier's fare,
His sports and joys he would not share,
But shunned the gaze of vulgar eye,
And HAMET's tent would lonely keep,

And seldom smiled save he was nigh,
Where HAMET slept there would he sleep.
His scarf, which had been loosely thrown
Around his waist, aside has blown,
His hair which neath his turboosh stray'd,
With morning's breeze in gladness play'd,
Disclosing unto HAMET's sight
A scene of love so exquisite,
In vain you bid the cygnet's breast
Compare with that which slumbers there,
In vain you match Damascus vest
With HAFIZ's soft and silken hair;
A brow white as Dunwamund's snow,
And lips red as the ruby wine,
And cheeks where roses lov'd to blow,
And eyes that did the stars outshine.
And as EL-HAMET fondly smiled,
As if on one of Peri born,
Confused awoke EL-AMEER's child,
As blushing as the dawn of morn.

It was the Flower of Ormuzstand,
The Houri of that ocean-land,
The young MOSSELLA,—she whose love
Had oft in Ormuz balmy grove
Beguiled the hours of Iran's chief,
When his lone heart, surcharged with grief,
Had well-nigh broken, and life's cord
Hung trembling, like Damocles' sword,
It was his own lov'd MOSSELLA
Who, as his page, before him lay.
And she has wept on HAMET's breast,
And all her love and fear confess'd:

Told how her father wished to wed
His only child to HAMET's foe,
Told how from Ormuz isle she fled,
Braving the world and all its woe.
And he has press'd her to his heart,
From which again she ne'er will part,
And fondly wiped the pearly tear
That trembled in her dreamy eye,
And toss'd in air his burnish'd spear,
As if resolv'd to dare or die.

El-Bunder's walls are grey with years,⁽²⁾
Her battlements their shadows fling
O'er Oman's wave: ten thousand spears
Are gleaming from her western wing,
And 'midst that wild and daring host
AL-HASSAN's plume is proudly seen,
Like ocean's wave, when thunder-toss'd,
Shimmering in the lightning's sheen.
Mogan's red field proclaim'd his fame,
Bokhara's maids turn pale with fear,
Kharzim trembles at his name,
And Affghanistan shuns his spear.
Then think not, when the Persian throne
Hangs trembling on the verge of fate,
When all upon the die is thrown—
Fame, fortune, joy, grief, love, and hate,
That HASSAN's plume shall idly wave
Afar from Bunder's fatal field.
Ah, no!—that plain may be his grave,
But HASSAN's soul shall never yield.
Now throng the squadrons to the plain,
With music's wild and thrilling strain,

Here NAZIR guides his Parthian horse,
There HAIFA heads his conquering force,
ABDALLAH, OMRU close the rear,
With Kerman's sword; Belooche's spear,
Bokhara's Usbeck's, Candahar,
Are there to aid the Persian king,
Who guides with fearless hand the war,
Whose sword gleams like the lightning's wing.
Now, HASSAN, guard thy haughty plume,
And wear thy darkest, deadliest gloom;
Thou hast to meet the bravest heart
That ever met thy spear or sword!
Nerve well the hand that throws the dart
Against the breast of Iran's lord,
For never was his fatal spear
Rais'd twice against a foeman's breast,
The eye that meets him quails with fear,
The heart that braves him, sinks to rest.

Loud booms along dark Oman's sea
The sound of war's artillery,
And groans are heard, and shrieks of pain
To rise from Bunder's gory plain:
There HUSSIEN KHAN and young ZOHAIK
Have charged in line the Parthian band:
No quarter claim, nor age they spare,—
'Tis death to yield, 'tis death to stand.
On! on they charge! Belooche's chief
Has pierced the mail of Azim's lord,
ABDULLAH falls, and no relief
Can ARAK save from HAMET's sword.
On sweep the sons of burning Ind,
And Kerman's horse are left behind;

In vain Bokhara's horsemen charge
Against the Tartar's spear and targe,
Like rocks in ocean's stormy sea,
Unmov'd they stand, and scorn to flee;
Belooche's spear and Affighan's shield
Lie broken on the gory field:

But where, O where is young ZOHAIK,
He who first joined the ranks of war?
Hold, HASSAN, hold! thy victim spare!

A cry of grief was heard afar:
'Twas HAMET's—swift as lightning's wing
He stood before the Persian King,
The blood-stain'd HASSAN, and his shield

He o'er the Prince of Vellore spread:
"Mine be the danger of this field!
"My hand shall bow the guilty head!"

Back roll'd the tide of grisly war
As man to man these chieftains stood,
With tempered brands that nought could bar,
Each one prepared to strike for blood.

"Come on, foul fiend!" EL-HAMET said,
"Thy victims cry aloud to Heaven,
"Justice demands thy guilty head,
"And vengeance to my hand is given!
"Come on!—the blood of NADIR cries
"From 'YESHA's grave and rends the skies,—
"ZOHAIK's young bride, fair CUMLADE,
"Hast prayed for deep revenge on thee—
"Khorassan's steeps and Kerman's sands
"Are groaning 'neath thy murderous hands.
"Come on!—and let thy nameless grave
"Be made in ocean's plumbless wave,

“So that thy dark and blood-stain’d name
“Be swept from off thy country’s fame,
“No tear be wept, no sigh be mourned,
“Where traitors lie, unshrined, unurn’d!”

“Thou mouth’st it well—but, HAMET, know
“Thy hand shall never deal the blow!
“I bear a charm’d and deathless heart,
“Safe from EL-HAMET’s spear or dart.
“I’ve wrought thee woe, and oh! the bliss
 “That it has given to wound thy pride,
“To blast thy hopes of happiness
 “With one who would have been thy bride!
“I hate thee, HAMET!—God of Heaven
“How deeply on this heart ’s engraven
“My deadly hate! O! I will give
“Ten thousand crowns, for aye to live,
“And pain thy soul as it was pain’d
“In Zem’s lone dungeon, bound and chain’d!
“Curse, curse the slave who thought thee dead,
“Dishonor blast his hoary head!
“To cast thee on the foaming wave,
“He might have known ’twas not thy grave.
“What! HAMET ALI die the death
 “That felons die!—a nobler hand
“Shall lay him low on Bunder’s heath:
 “Come on! and meet my ruthless brand!”

And they have fought from noon’s hot hour
 Until the evening’s sun had set,
And night’s dark clouds began to lower,
 Enshading tower and minaret,
Yet were not weary: hate had lent
 A strength that seem’d of deathless might,

If not, ere then, each stroke had sent
One soul to realms of cloud-wrapt night.
“Hold, HAMET, hold!” AL-HASSAN cried,
“Yield me thy sword, ’tis vain to stand,
“No steel shall ever pierce my side⁽³⁾
“Unless Great ANTAR’s charmed brand,
“And it is safe in darksome cave,
“Secure as tenant of the grave.
“The star that shone across my birth
“Told HASSAN’s form should never lie
“Within the dull, cold, clammy earth,
“That HASSAN’s soul should never die.
“Then yield thee, HAMET, yield thy sword,
“Or meet thy death from Persia’s lord.”

There is a star on HASSAN’s breast,
But it is dim with virgin blood,
There is a stain on HASSAN’s crest,
’Twould incarnadine the Zenderood,
There is deep guile in HASSAN’s heart,
Beneath his tongue ’s an adder’s sting,
His hand now wields the fatal dart
Which drank the blood of Persia’s king.
But HAMET fears not HASSAN’s steel,
And laughs to scorn his words of guile:
“No more my breast again can feel
“Or fear a tyrant’s frown or smile.
“Yield to AL-HASSAN? HAMET yield!
“No!—by Great ALLAH, God of Heaven!
“Thy blood shall wet El-Bunder’s field!
“Thine hour is come:—to me was given
“The sword of ANTAR, and my hand
“Now wields his bright and tempered brand!

“The charm is broken — ocean’s wave
“Shall be thy lone dishonored grave.
“Now guard thy blood-stain’d haughty crest,
“And shield thy perjured trait’rous breast,
“Shield the bright star that glitters there,
 “And let thy keen edged falchion fly,
“Fatal as Samiel’s deadly air,
 “And swift as lightning of the sky;
“For he who owns a traitor’s heart
“Should guard it with the greatest art,
“Not like the man whose cause is right,
 “And who upon his God relies,
“Meets man to man in open fight,
 “And for his country lives or dies.”
This HAMET said, then fix’d his eye,
 Cold piercing as a freezing star,
On HASSAN’S form, resolv’d to die
 Or triumph in the single war.

Again the deadly strife began,
As foot to foot and man to man
Each chieftain rais’d aloft his steel
 Against a heart unused to fear.
Yet did their flashing eyes reveal
 The inward hate that rankled there.
First on Moorhacor’s gory plain,
 And first on Mogan’s dreadful field
Waved HAMET’S plume, without one stain
 Flashed HASSAN’S fearless sword and shield —
Friends then — foes now! Alone they stand,
 With swords blood-stain’d from point to hand,
And breasts inflamed with deadly hate,
That blood, and only blood, can sate:

The past, the present, all in one,
Like livid lightning's burning flash,
Within their bosoms concentrate,
And stings them with a scorpion-lash.
Then breathless stood on Bunder's field
Each warrior, resting on his shield:
Aghast they view the deadly strife
Of blood for blood, and life for life,
Till cheeks that never paled before,
Fear's sickly coward-shadow wore,
And eyes grew dim, afraid to look
As either chieftain rose or fell,
'Till HAMET'S sword drank HASSAN'S blood,
And launched his guilty soul to hell.

"Curse thee, EL-HAMET! curs'd thy hand!
"Curs'd be my own untempered brand!
"Curs'd be the false and lying tongue
 "That lured me to this fatal field,
"Whose words of guile my life hast flung
 "Away on ANTAR'S sword and shield!
"O! could my arm but once again
"Meet thine upon this gory plain,
"How would I triumph in that hour
 "When man to man, and spear to spear,
"Then would I crush thy rising pow'r
 "And chill thy vaulting soul with fear!
"But no! I feel that ASRAEL
"Has stamped me with his fatal seal,
"And soon my hand must loose its grasp,
"Each well-strung nerve its hold unclasp,
"And my proud soul away must fly
 "To realms where gloom and darkness reign.

"But oh! the pain it is to die
 "Vanquished upon El-Bunder's plain!
"And by thy arm! O! could I live
"But one short hour, what would I give
"To meet thee, HAMET, and to blast
"Thy budding hopes! But no!—'tis past!
"The sword of ANTAR, by thy hand,
"Has drunk my blood—my broken brand
"Lies on the field—but HASSAN dies,
 "Dies as he liv'd, the bold, the free,
"Unconquer'd as the wind that flies
 "O'er Kerman's sand or Oman's sea!"

'Tis past!—and Bunder's fatal field
Hath broken HASSAN's spear and shield:
'Tis past—and HAMET proudly stands
The Lord of Persia's fertile lands.
Like leaves that cloth'd the dark green wood,
 Or sands on Oman's shore that lay,
At morning HASSAN's warriors stood.
'Tis night—and where, O! where are they?
Gone, like the mist on mountain dun,
 Gone, like the dew on Irak's plain,
That flies before the morning's sun,
 Gone—never to return again.
And fallen is HASSAN's trait'rous line,
 His guilty soul has fled to hell,
His brow let fame no wreath entwine,
 No stone mark where he fought and fell:
Give to the sea his hated form,
 And let his tomb be ocean's cave,
His requiem be the thundering storm,
 That foams and writhes o'er Oman's wave.

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

- (1) "The red-deer safe in covert lies,
Unmindful of the jackal's cries."

"The lion itself is found on the plains of Kuzistan, on the banks of the Tigris, in many parts of Fars, in Beloochistan, Mazundereen, and in many other parts of Persia. Tigers are rare. Leopards, chittahs, lynxes, and bears are more numerous. Hyenas, wolves, jackals, and foxes abound every where.

"Game is plentiful, and the red-deer are frequent. The *gour-khur*, or wild ass, is found chiefly in the deserts of Khorassan and the extensive valleys of Fars and Irak, and is the favorite game of the Persian Kings. — POTTINGER'S TRAVELS.

- (2) "El-Bunder's walls are grey with years,
Her battlements their shadows fling
O'er Oman's wave."

El-Bunder, the ancient name of Harmosia, or Gomberoon, a castle on the Persian Gulf, once of great strength and importance, now in a state of decay, and chiefly occupied by a collection of miserable huts, inhabited by from 3,000 to 4,000 Arabs.

- (3) "No steel shall ever pierce my side,
Unless great Antar's charmed brand."

"No Persian of distinction will undertake the dangers of a journey or the doubtful result of the battle-field, without consulting a Professor of Astrology; and when a Mirza or a Mollah has once established his reputation as an astrologer, he is in a sure way to become rich. Should a lucky day arrive before a traveller is ready

for his journey, he leaves his home, though he should remain for weeks in some inconvenient lodging, till his preparations are completed, satisfied that the favorable influence of the stars has been secured by making the move at the proper time.

“At their birth, marriage, and death, the stars are always anxiously observed, and many of their swords or cimeters have verses of the Al-Koran engraved on them, as a charm against Ahriman, or the Spirit of Evil. Such was the sword of Roostam Antar, and others famous in Persian history; and many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry, with small gems. — ASIATIC MISCELLANIES.

The Dervise laid aside his harp, having finished his tale, and the Princess rejoiced in the triumph of HAMET ALI over the guilty AL-HASSAN. The gloom had passed away from the brow of the King; but the eye of the Prince of Kerman spoke death to HUMZA, and his hand clenched his dagger, as if he dreamed of blood. All but he were glad at the death of the guilty traitor, and mourned the fate of the lovely CUMLADE and the gallant ZOHAIR.

Silence being restored in the palace, and the merry feet of the dancing girls being no longer seen in the hall, the Shah, seated on his royal throne, with all his Nobles standing around him, commanded the Dervise to claim the reward due to him for the recovery of the Princess, and he extended to HUMZA the golden sceptre of mercy, so that he might kiss it, and obtain favor in his sight.

Thrice did the Dervise bow himself lowly before the throne of the mighty Monarch of Iran, until his silvery beard swept the ground; then taking from his bosom the proclamation of the King, he humbly laid it at the foot of the throne, and with his hands folded across his breast, remained in silence. The Shah commanded one of the great Officers of State to read the proclamation, which having been done, he again commanded HUMZA to name his reward—the hand of the Princess, or a largess equal to her dowry. All eyes were turned on the aged Dervise, who, with a beating heart and faltering voice, demanded the hand of the Princess GULZAR in marriage as his reward.

The countenance of the Shah, seldom pleasant, now assumed a fearful expression of anger, and the courtiers who stood around the throne trembled for the fate of the Dervise, and their blood curdled almost to their heart's core at the shrill, discordant voice of the Shah, as he replied contemptuously to the demand of HUMZA. The Princess drew nearer to her father, and her eyes spoke the language which her lips refused—"I cannot wed the Dervise;" and she sighed for her absent MIRZA. At length the Shah having somewhat assuaged his anger, turned to HUMZA, and thus addressed him:

"He who claims the hand of the Princess must be wise in council and brave in battle: his sword must be a shield to his friends, and death to his enemies. Thy head, like mine, is grey with years, and may betoken wisdom, but age has unnerved thy arm and chilled the current of thy blood; withdraw thy foolish request, and a Prince's ransom shall reward thy service."

And the Princess knelt before the Dervise, and implored him not to demand her love: "Thou knowest, father HUMZA," said she, "thou knowest the secrets of my heart! O! why didst thou rescue me from the cave of Al-Barzak, if I am to live a life of wretchedness and sorrow? Withdraw thy request, father HUMZA, and all I possess is thine!" But the Dervise remained silent as the marble pillars of Ashruff, and pointed to the bond of the King, which was unalterable as the mountains of Elburz.

Again the King spoke, and his voice was tremulous with emotion; and he commanded the Doctors of the Laws, of the Nasoot, the Tureekat, and the Aruf to come before him, and propound questions to the presumptuous Dervise. So the Imams, the Mollahs, and

all the most learned men of the Kingdom came before his throne.

And AZIR, one of the Doctors of the Nasoot, propounded to HUMZA the following questions: "What is stronger than iron, heavier than gold, and more precious than the diamond? These if thou answerest, O HUMZA, AGA will call thee wise."

And HUMZA bowed lowly to the ground, and replied: "Love is stronger than iron: the dungeons of Zem have been broken. Grief is heavier than gold: it has bowed the head of AGA. The diamond is not so precious as the heart of a friend."

AZIR withdrew, and said HUMZA had answered wisely.

Then came forward MEERKHOND, one of the Doctors of the Tureekat, and demanded "What was swifter than the wing of the lightning, more deadly than the simoom of the desert, and more terrible than the gulf of Al-Sirit?"

To which the Dervise answered: "The breath of ASRAEL is more deadly than the simoom of the desert, and his wing is swifter than that of the lightning. Terrible is the gulf of Al-Sirit, but much more so is the anger of ALLAH."

"Thou art wise, father HUMZA," said MEERKHOND, "thou hast drank of the fount of wisdom."

Then said ZADUCK, Chief Doctor of the Aruf, he whose soul had bathed in the delectable fountains, and had eaten of the fruit of the tooba: "What is purer than the snow of Bostani, chaster than the shades of Eden, and sweeter than the lips of the Houris of Paradise?"

"O! Most Reverend and Holy ZADUCK, with thy

words of sweetness hast thou enticed my heart, and were it not that the snows of sixty winters have cooled the ardor of my blood, quickly for answer would I say, that sweeter than the lips of the Houris, and chaster than the shades of Eden, is the lip of the Princess, and her bosom is purer than the snow of Bostani."

The chief of the Doctors of Aruf retired in silence, and the cheek of GULZAR crimsoned as she listened to the answer of HUMZA, but the brow of AGA was wrapt in gloom.

Then arose SHIEK ALEK, chief Imam of the Mosque of ALI, and stood before the throne. In his right hand he held a golden censer, on which was written the question propounded by him to the Dervise. It was this: "What is the duty of a King?"

To which the Dervise replied, as he bent lowly before the holy ALEK: "Deep and weighty is the question propounded by thee, Most Holy Father, but the mantle of the Prophet is upon me. I will answer it without fear: As the father of his people, he should temper justice with mercy; as the Vicegerent of ALLAH, walk humbly before him, so that his reign might be calm and serene, like the sun of evening, when he sets in glory behind the mountains of Zagros."

The Doctors of Iran withdrew in silence, leaving the Dervise standing alone before the King, whilst the officers of the court looked on in wonder and amazement, not knowing what would be the end. At last AZUBAH, Prince of Kerman, bowing lowly before the throne, asked permission to address the Dervise; which was granted.

"Forbear, old man," said AZUBAH, "forbear to prose-

cute thy foolish suit for the hand of Gulzar: youth loves not to dwell with sadness, nor beauty to smile on the withered form of age. Take the offer of the Shah—the ransom of a Prince—and let the young and the noble contend for the hand of the Princess; for he who weds the daughter of AGA, must be prepared to defend his crown.”

“Thou speakest bravely,” said HUMZA: “one wouldst have thought that thy hand could have pointed a spear in the day of battle, had he not seen thy prowess on the tented field.”

“Ha!—dost thou taunt me, old dotard?” replied AZUBAH: “take this for thy insolence!” and unsheathing his dagger, and burning with anger and revenge, he plunged it in the bosom of the Dervise.

But the steel glanced harmlessly aside from the breast of HUMZA: his arm parried off the blow, and wresting the dagger out of the hand of the assassin, he hurled him against one of the marble pillars of the hall with such force that the blood flew fast from his mouth and nostrils; then throwing aside his Dervise cloak and cap, he displayed to the astonished audience the noble form of the long-lost ABBAS MIRZA—the gallant Kurd, the conqueror of the tented plain.

Like the young gazelle leaping from the mountain crag to the dewy plain at the dawn of morning, so leaped the lovely GULZAR from the throne of her father, to the side of the gallant MIRZA, who with one hand pressed her to his bosom, whilst with the other he kept at bay the angry attendants of the fallen Prince. Many a bright sword was drawn in the confusion of the moment, some to protect the gallant ABBAS, and others

to revenge the Prince of Kerman. But at last the stern voice of AGA was heard above the din of battle, and the Nobles shrank back in their places, afraid of the anger of the Shah, leaving the lovers kneeling before the throne.

"Rise, ABBAS," said AGA; "I have wronged thee in my passion: henceforth it will be my endeavor to make thee amends by my favor. Take the hand of my daughter; and when the grey hairs of her father are laid in silence in the lonely tomb, let the sword of MIRZA defend the daughter of AGA.

Forty days continued the feast, in honor of the nuptials of the Princess with the gallant ABBAS; and the minstrels, as they chaunted the glory of Shah AGA, gave life and animation to the scene.

"But tell me, dearest MIRZA," said GULZAR, "tell me of all your sufferings, and how you escaped from the dark dungeon of Zem. There, I am informed, daylight never enters—there the lonely captive lives and dies unknowing and unknown. Tell me, also, what became of the noble ALI, and his page, the beautiful MOSSELLA. Did the gallant ZOHAIK survive El-Bunder's fatal field?"

"Yes, dearest," said MIRZA, "I will relate all to you at some more convenient time; but let us for the present dream not of our former sorrows: our path is now strewn with roses—come, let us gather the flowers in their bloom. Time, the fell destroyer of humanity, stands silently by our side, watching the sands as they quickly pass through the glass of life: with one hand he destroys the monuments of ages, whilst with the other he throws the lines of sorrow athwart the cheek of beauty and the brow of youth.

“ZOHAIK was saved from the sword of AL-HASSAN by the shield of ALI, and your own loved ABBAS MIRZA claims his lineage from the descendants of the lovely MOSSELLA, and the noble ALI, who sleep beside the grave of AYESHA, on the banks of the crystal Kornah: their names are embalmed in the hearts of the Children of Song.”

GAZELS, OR LOVE-SONGS.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE GAZELS.

OF all the mighty Empires which have flourished in the East, that of Persia is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable, and the most celebrated. Enduring for more than two thousand four hundred years, through a succession of vicissitudes almost without a parallel in the history of nations: now the triumphant conqueror, giving laws almost to the Eastern World—and anon the degraded captive, weeping in chains at the chariot wheel of her foe. From the earliest period of her existence, she has commanded deep attention, being either the throne of the lords of Western Asia, or the arena—the battle-ground—on which Monarchs have disputed for the sceptre of the East.

But it is not our object to treat of Persia either in a political or national sense. All we intend is to call the attention of the young lovers of classic beauty to the unwrought mines of Eastern Ore, rich in Wisdom and in Wit—to arouse them to examine the annals of that

land, once so famous in story, by some supposed to be the ancient Paradise, the Garden of Eden, the birth-place of Man. Iran, the ancient name of Persia, derived from the name of the youngest son of their celebrated King, FERIDOON, comprehends all the country lying between the Tigris and the Oxus, and consequently embraces within its boundaries many places of renown referred to in sacred and profane history; exhibiting great diversity of surface, climate, and productions. "My father's Kingdom," said the younger Cyrus to Xenophon, "is so large that the people perish with cold at one extremity, while they are suffocated with heat at the other;" the truth of which remark can be well appreciated by those travellers who have gasped for breath on the burning sands of Dushistan, and who have afterwards been numbed with cold in the Northern Provinces.

We shall, therefore, leave to the Historian her rivers, mountains, deserts, her climate, and her soil; the tombs of her thousand Kings, and the ruins of her fallen cities, we shall leave unmolested; but we will talk of her Poets — of her Children of Song — of her own loved FERDUSI and the immortal HAFIZ.

The literature of Persia is chiefly confined to works on Theology and Polemics, although there are several rude treatises on the sciences. History, Poetry, and Romance have, for the few past centuries, made no improvement; neither Bard nor Historian has appeared equal to those which adorned the age of the Ghesmerides, the Seljucides, the Attabegs of Fars, or of Sultan Hussien Baicara. A mental lethargy seems to have fallen upon the spirit of Persia, and Philosophy and Poetry have become almost extinct in that land, once so famed for song and wisdom.

Among the chief poetical works of the nation, ranks the "Shah Nameh" of FERDUSI, which consists of about sixty thousand couplets, in a consecutive series of narratives, descriptive of the history of the country for about three thousand seven hundred years. FERDUSI is called the Homer of Persia, and his "Shah Nameh" is in many respects not unlike the "Iliad," abounding in bold and animated figures, high-sounding and noble diction,—polished, yet full of fire. Sir John Malcom, in writing of this Poem, says that the most fastidious European reader will meet with many passages of exquisite beauty. The narrative is very perspicuous, and some of the finest scenes in it are described with simplicity and elegance of diction.

Next to FERDUSI, in excellence, rank the Poems of NIZAMI, of JAMI, of HAFTI, of KHOOSROO, and of SHIRAN, although SADI, in didactic poetry, certainly takes precedence. His "Goolistan" and "Bostam" abound in beautiful maxims and fine moral precepts. By profession a Suffee Teacher, he ranks high in the esteem of his country; and his maxims and morals are found as current in the mouths of his countrymen, as are those of the Al-Koran. Numerous are the anecdotes related of Sheik SADI, among others is that of a rencontre which took place between him and HUMAM TABRIZEE, a contemporary Poet, of some note:

They met accidentally in the bath at Tabriz, without knowing each other; but entering into conversation, HUMAM became aware of the birth place of the Sheik, and at the same time declared himself a native of Tabriz. A trial of wit took place; when the latter, observing the baldness of his companion, (a personal peculiarity among his countrymen), rallied him on it:

"Whence comes it," said he, presenting the round-shaped ewer used in ablutions, and turned upside down, "whence comes it, that all you Shirazees have heads like this?" "And how comes it," said SADI, presenting his own vessel, and pointing to its empty cavity, "that all you Tabrizees have heads like this?" thereby turning the laugh upon the other, who, struck with the keen retort, recognized in the stranger, the celebrated Sheik SADI, and took him home to his house, and lavished on him the utmost kindness.

SADI was born at Shiraz, in the year 1194, and died at the age of 116 years.

As FERDUSI ranks first in the list of Epic Poets, so HAFIZ is styled the Prince of Lyric Poetry. His odes have obtained celebrity beyond the confines of his native country; and the poetry of Europe and America have been enriched by many beautiful translations from his works. The well known ode beginning "*Ajur een Toork i Shirauzee*," &c., so beautifully but freely translated by Sir William Jones, is of itself sufficient to obtain for him the poetic wreath; and which in the original called forth the real or feigned displeasure of the great TAMERLANE, who demanded of HAFIZ how he dared to make so free with his two noble cities, Samarcand and Bokhara; which, in a beautiful stanza, the Poet professed he would give to his mistress. "Can the gifts of HAFIZ ever impoverish TIMUR?" was the reply of the Poet, which changed the conqueror's wrath into admiration, and elicited reward instead of punishment.

The poetry of HAFIZ has ever been pronounced by most oriental scholars to be singularly original in its character—simple and unaffected, yet possessing a wild and peculiar sublimity. His sudden transitions from the

joys of love and wine, to reflections on the instability of human felicity, are beautiful, and resemble the odes of Horace. His "Gazels," or love-songs, which are of a peculiar construction, each verse having its own imagery, and succeeding the other, often, without any seeming necessary analogy of idea, are considered beautiful in their kind. The grace, the ease, and harmony with which they abound, even when thus appearing so disconnected, entitle them to the appellation given by HAFIZ himself, when he compares them to "Pearls strung at random."

The lovely Shiraz gave birth to this amatory Poet; and his tomb, situated among the cypresses and roses of that delightful Province, is the frequent resort of his countrymen, who go thither to recite the odes of their favorite bard, many of whom appeal to his pages for an omen of success in their undertaking, believing that they are as powerful in taking out a *fal*, or omen, as the pages of the Al-Koran.

HAFIZ flourished in the fourteenth century; and in the language of his epitaph, as furnished by Koemfer, the traveller:—"The incomparable second SADI, MOHAMMED HAFIZ, quitted this perishable region and went to the garden of Paradise. He was the lamp of the learned—a luminary of a brilliant lustre; and as Mossella was his chosen residence, search in Mossella for the time of his death."

The following Gazels, freely translated, are clothed in an European dress, throwing, as it were, a veil over the too glowing imagery of the East, which many of our readers might think too amatory, were they presented in their Oriental drapery. But whilst we have done this, we were careful not to lose the spirit of the Poet. Whether the effusions of tenderness or the brilliant

sallies of wit, joined with the luxuriance of an unrestrained imagination, may or may not have been aided by the luscious wines of Shiraz, or by its instructive and delightful *macamat*, just as similar beauties are reported to have arisen from similar stimuli, in that truly Hafizian poetry so immediately present to the classic recollection, which sings the praises of Teios, Mityline, and Falerum, we will not pretend to decide. Our object was to present our readers with a few flowers of Oriental beauty, leaving them to cull their own favorite from the specimens presented, and to imbibe in them a love for a country once so famous in ancient story as being the Garden of Eden and the birth-place of Man. If we have done so, our end has been attained and we are satisfied.

True it is, that the cynic may sneer at, and the rigid moralist attempt to condemn what we term the beauties of HAFIZ; but with such we will not argue the question. In the land of their nativity, they are found in the mouths of the Prince and the Peasant, and the wise and the foolish quote with rapture his odes.

The following are only a few of his many productions, (versified by the Author, from prose translations made by eminent Persian scholars,) but sufficient to show as specimens of the rich mines of Persian literature which yet remain unwrought by the classic American.

In the present day, this species of writing appears to have suffered the fate of all other things in Persia. The great majority of the Poets are poor, and their productions are in keeping with their poverty; yet the merest rhyme will receive some respect from the richest noble of the Kingdom: the names of FERDUSI, SADI, and HAFIZ being talismans to enter the court of the Prince and the palace of the Shah.

GAZEL I.

'Tis morning!—see his dawning beam
Veil'd in a blush of rosy light!
Then let the liquid ruby gleam
In golden goblets shining bright.

Ho! bring the juice of luscious vine,
While o'er the tulip's cheek is seen
The tears of morning brightly shine,
And gladness greets the opening scene.

Rich is the breath of rosy morn
As from the bower of love she wakes:
Then drink the wine without the thorn—
The undistill'd which nature makes.

Like Queen upon her em'rald throne,
Within her bower presides the rose:
Then quaff the wine, the rosy wine,
Which like a flaming ruby glows.

Ha! sleep the watchers of the night
When morning's sun is in the sky?
Ope, ope the gates!—it is not right
In Morphean dreams asleep to lie!

Haste! haste! all ye who love to dream
Of paphian smiles and breasts of snow,
Drink of the grape—ye wise, who seem,
To ALLAH pay your morning vow.

And nectar drink—ambrosial bliss!—
From lips that vie with Peris born;
For HAFIZ loves with joy to kiss
The virgin cheek of balmy morn.

GAZEL II.

The rose unfolds its velvet leaf,
The leaf the bulbul loves so well,
And woos, with sweet and balmy breath,
Young love, within her bower to dwell:
Then, LEILA, let us seek the bower
Where blooms that love-diffusing flower,
And drink from Lethe's bubbling stream,
And drown the past in rosy wine;
'Midst roses toy, 'till morning bright
Illumes the curtains of the sky,
And wakes to life love's witching light,
That now is in thy dreamy eye:
For it is sweet with one we love,
To seek the fragrant jasmine grove,
And breathe afresh love's ardent vows,
And nectar sip from dewy lips,

Far sweeter, redder, than the rose
From which the bee its honey sips.
Then haste, my LEILA! e'er the bloom
Has from the cheek of summer fled!
Haste to the bower of sweet perfume,
And wreath with am'rous flow'rs thy head:
And while we quaff the ruby wine,
Let HARIZ sing his melting lay,
Reclining on that breast of thine,
Breathing his heart and soul away.

GAZEL III.

O! minstrel, strike the trembling string,
And let thy dulcet music flow,
And call for heart-expanding wine,
And bind with flowers thy joyous brow.

Here sit thee down from prying eyes,
The rosy lips of LEILA kiss,
And bask in smiles warm as the skies
That curtain LEILA's bower of bliss.

How canst thou eat the bread of life,
And drink not of the sparkling wine?
Come!—quaff to her whose mem'ry lives
Within that heart and soul of thine.

Quick! fetch a cup, that I may fill
 The luscious juice of Shiraz grove—
 Wine fresh and sparkling from the rill
 Which springs within the bower of love.

For LEILA, with the golden hair,
 Within her bower now weaves for me
 A garland of the flowrets fair,
 Perfum'd with myrrh from amra's tree.

O! gentle zephyr, should'st thou stray
 By LEILA's bower in joyous glee:
 O! whisper HAFIZ's melting lay,
 And kiss her ruby lip for me.

~~~~~

## GAZEL IV.

~~~~~

[TRANSLATED BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.]

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand
 Would give thy Poet more delight
 Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,

Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocknabad,
A bower so sweet as Mossella.

Oh! when those fair perfidious maids
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear, destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow!
Can all our tears, can all our sighs
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate!—ah, change the theme!
And talk of odors—talk of wine:
Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom—
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream!
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power
That e'en the proud Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage:
While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still!
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But ah! far sweeter if they please
The Nymph for whom these notes are sung.

GAZEL V.

O! maiden with the breast of snow,
And heart cold as the marble stone,
Yet beauteous as the silv'ry gem
That sparkles on night's queenly brow,
From me my strength and power is gone,
But who 's the cause I will not name.

I will not rove at dewy dawn
Within the flowring jasmine grove,
For there I met, like young gazelle
Disporting on the dewy lawn,
A maid, whose soft and witching spell
Has fired my foolish heart with love.

Say, what can soothe the aching breast,
Or cause the restless heart be still,
Which burns and boils continually—
Now dreams of joy and then of ill?
To kiss the lip that mars thy rest,
Or at her feet in sadness die?

O! that I were the silken fold
That chastely veils her eye of light,
Or girdle of the burnish'd gold
That binds with diamond clasp her waist,
Then would I taste love's pure delight,
And my pain'd heart be hush'd to rest.

Her shoulders are like Casbin's mount,
Her breast white as Dunwamund's snow,
But cold and gelid as the fount
From which no living waters rise,
Yet she is beauteous as the bow
Spanning at morn the orient skies.

O! HAFIZ, canst thou e'er forget
That form on which thy soul is set?
Or what 's the cure—that thou must sip
The poison from the upas tree,
Or nectar from her ruby lip?
Come, HAFIZ, HAFIZ tell to me!

GAZEL VI.



O! bid me not describe the pain
That I have felt—the joy, the hate—
Nor drink the poison o'er again,
Of absence which I've drank so late:
I cannot bear the agony,
The thought is madness unto me.

Far through the world I've rov'd along,
With heart as light as Peri's wing,
Until I heard the Syren's song,
Whose voice was sweet as balmy spring:
But ask me not that one to name,
For whom does burn love's ardent flame.

The tears that from my eye-lids flow,
Bedew the flowers on which she treads,
Yet from her lips I heard a vow
That HARIZ's lonely bosom glads:
So sweet—O! bid me not disclose!
Go breathe the perfume of the rose.

Ha! dost thou bite the curling lip?
What dost thou hint that I have told?
True, I have drunk like nectar up,
A ruby lip, worth more than gold!
But whose? ah! bid me not disclose:
Go breathe the perfume of the rose.

From *thee* how lonely do I feel !

My aching heart, like wounded dove,
In anguish flies the rankling steel,

But flies in vain — the wound is love !
Then fondly HAFIZ turns again
With pleasing grief he can't explain.



GAZEL VII.



Night asks me, why do I complain,
And Day, why do I grieve for thee :
From dewy night to op'ning morn,
Like bird bereaved, I mourn in pain,
My heart with fear and anguish torn,
Because that thou art cold to me.

What can I do but weep, since thou
Hast from my heart estranged thy love,
And made it run in streams of blood,
Where streams of joy were wont to flow ?
So dark the clouds that o'er me brood,
I would not wish my foe to prove.

Adown my cheeks the briny tear
In pain drops fast are seen to fall
Whene'er my poor heart thinks of thee,
While thou, so free and void of care,
Think'st not of HAFIZ, who on thee,
In weal or woe, has plac'd his all.

GAZEL VIII.



O! Zephyr, when thou wand'rest mild
At dreamy twilight's gentle hour,
O whisper softly to my fawn,
Reclining on her green-leaf'd bower,
That for her sake in deserts wild
I love to dwell—alone, unknown.

Yet why, ah! why does she, whose heart
Was form'd for kindness, and whose hand,
Dispenses sweets to all around,
No pledge of love from paphian land
Send to assuage my anguish'd heart,
Or balm to soothe my fest'ring wound?

Does beauteous LEILA laugh to scorn
The bulbul's love, nor deign to waste
One thought on me? Ah! was it pride
That made her stoop that I might taste
Her dewy lip, then plant a thorn
To rankle in my wounded side?

Ah! was it pride that made her gain
My trusting heart with looks of love—
With smiles so sweet, and words so kind,
To triumph o'er me like a dove
Ensnared by kindness, which in vain,
With trap and gin, she could not bind?

When with thy friends thou pass'st the night—
And thou, the star that lamps the scene—
When love and beauty on thee smiles,
O, think on me—on all that's been!
In desert drear thou art my light,
The star that all my gloom beguiles.

But vain are smiles from brilliant eyes,
If love and truth be absent there:
To HAFIZ'S strains ZOHRAH may lead
In dance the planets of the air,
But my fond heart in madness dies,
If love and truth in *thee* are dead.

GAZEL IX.

Sweet maid, O! bid me not erase
From off the tablets of my heart
Thy cherished name, nor from my soul
Thy graceful image e'er displace,
For time nor distance e'er shall part
Thy dear remembrance from my breast,
Nor thy sweet kiss, which once was given
As token of our vows in Heaven.

From earliest youth my heart was bound
In sweet alliance with thine own,
And still shall be, in endless bliss,
Until the fire of life is gone.

Within my heart a spring is found
Of love's delicious happiness,
Welling, like Kerman's crystal stream,
In desert lone, 'neath Luna's beam.

Yet blame me not:—my heart is sad,
My feverish brain with madness burns,
And vainly seeks for cooling shades,
For cypress groves in darkness clad.
In vain, in vain!—for still it turns
To *LEILA*, and love's witching glades:
But ye, all ye who *HAFIZ* blame,
Shun love's consuming dangerous flame.

G A Z E L X .

O, gentle zephyr, shouldst thou pass
The bower of *LEILA* in thy way,
From her soft ringlets, which surpass
The silken down of the amrita,
O! bring me odors, and a kiss,
From *LEILA*'s lips, of happiness.

By all that 's rich, by all that 's rare,
In life or death my soul is thine,
If thou wilt from my *LEILA* fair
Bring back this foolish heart of mine,
Or words of love from her whose bloom
And sweetness vies the myrrh's perfume.

But should just Heaven refuse my suit,
And LEILA laugh my prayers to scorn,
And send me leaves instead of fruit,
In place of perfum'd flowers—a thorn,
Then bring me dust from LEILA's grove,
To dry my burning tears of love.

Alone, alone, I sigh for thee,
In vain I list each passing sound!
Like some bewilder'd wretch, I flee
To mourn my love in gloom profound:
Night's tears bedew my palid cheek,
As LEILA's form I vainly seek.

But when fond hope my breast invades,
I dream that LEILA will be mine—
She who is chaste as Casbin's shades,
And graceful as the tender pine:
Then shakes with joy my tender mind,
Like reed that's shaken by the wind.

Yet though my LEILA now is cold,
And does not wear one smile for me,
I would not give for India's gold
One hair of her dear head to thee:
I'd rather press her liliated hand
Than all the wealth of Samarcand.

Slave! Yes, I am her veriest slave!
But ah! what 't would avail to me
To float, like lotus, on the wave,
From earth's care-bondage, light and free!
If LEILA laughs and leads at will,
Slave HAFIZ is, and must be still!

G A Z E L X I.



Yes, I will swear that thou art fair
As is the breast of liliated lea,
Thy shape light as the bird of air,
And graceful as the cypress tree.
My soul is wrapt in ecstasy
Whene'er you speak or smile to me,
Whene'er I see the almond's bloom,
I think upon thy snowy breast,
When'er I breathe the myrrh's perfume,
I kiss thy lip in transport blest.
Thy nature is all gentleness,
As is the fresh leaf of the rose,
And softly languishing thine eyes,
As is the timid tender roe's;
And fragrant as the jessamine,
And luscious as is Kishna's wine,
Are the rich odors of thy mind.

Thy guileless art, thy feign'd disdain,
Now yield me joy, then yield me pain.
A chain of love is 'round thy friend,
From which away he cannot fly:
Thy presence is his happiness,
Thy sunny smile 's the excess of joy—
The luscious ecstasy of bliss!
Tho' dang'rous are the desert's sands,
And treach'rous is dark Oman's sea,
Afar he'll roam, thro' distant lands,
And HAFIZ lives or dies with thee.

GAZEL XII.



O! tell me not of rosy bowers,
Unless that *LEILA* there is mine—
O! tell me not of spring-blown flowers,
Unless their leaves are dipt in wine!

What is the jasmine-scented bower,
The garden's walk, with border green,
Unless I hear the notes of love,
Unless that *LEILA* brights the scene?

The cypress waving in the shade,
The motion of the dew-clad flow'rs,
Remind me of my charming maid,
Whose absence dims my brightest hours.

What is a form with ruby lips,
With cheeks that mock the rose's bloom,
If guileless love not on them sits,
If coldness shades those cheeks in gloom?

Though sweet to me is sparkling wine,
And dear the garden of the rose,
Yet if fair *LEILA* is not mine,
They to my heart no sweets disclose.

The fairest scenes that e'er were made
To start to life by hand of art,
Are lonely, if no charming maid,
With looks of love, her smiles impart.

Thy life, O HAFIZ! scarce is fit,
Like *nizar*, to be thrown away:
A flickering taper, feeby lit,
Whose light is lost in blaze of day.

.

DUNALLEN:
A TALE OF THE ISLES.

Why glooms Dunallen's haughty Lord?
Why shrieks the mermaid on the stone?
Why croaks the raven on the tower,
With such a wild and "earie" moan?
"Ho! warder, ho!—unbar the gate,
"And bid the boatman haste with speed
"To St. Columba's sacred isle,⁽¹⁾
"And bring old Father WINDERMEDE!
"For he, of all the holy men,
"Alone can heal the wounded mind:
"Haste, boatman! haste!—unfurl the sail!
"And fear not winter's stormy wind."
But hark!—the storm is gathering still,
The livid lightning flashes 'round,
The thunder roars along the hill
As if 't would rend the solid ground:
Yet still the warder louder calls—
"Haste, boatman! haste!—unfurl your sail!
"Heed not the gathering tempest's wrath,
"Fear not the glooming stormy gale!"

The boat has left a stormy shore,
And o'er the foaming sea she flies,
Like arrow from the hunter's bow,
Like sea-bird 'neath the angry skies.
The lightning's wing now o'er it gleams,
The muttering thunders roll around;—
Haste, boatman! haste!—the morning beams
Serene on St. Columba's ground.

Away! away! with bending mast
The boatman guides his fragile bark,
Now toppling on the crested wave,
And now within its caverns dark.
Away! away! the boatman sped,
Until the morning 'gan to smile,
And crimson'd, with its rosy beams,
Iona's sweet and sacred Isle.
The Abbot came with rosary,
With many an aged Priest in train,
To ask what made the boatman speed
Across the wild and stormy main.
And quick the boatman told his tale,
And quickly bade the Father come,
To shrive Dunallen's haughty Lord
Ere he should seek death's lonely home.
And many a Priest his ave said,
Their beads they counted o'er and o'er,
And prayed for Father WINDERMEDE,
Who sought Dunallen's stormy shore.
For high upon a frowning cliff
Dunallen's castle proudly stood,
Grey with the moss of countless years,
And crimson'd o'er with tales of blood.

And there Dunallen's Chieftain lay,
Writhing beneath remorse's sting,—
Scorched by the burning fire of crime,
Like scorpion in the fiery ring.
And down beside the chieftain's couch
The aged Father lowly bent,
And warmly breath'd a prayer for them
Who do in time their sins repent.
Oft did he cross his aged breast,
And oft he kiss'd his rosary,
When up the frantic Chieftain sprang,
And bade him stop his mummerly:
"Hold, old man! hold! I know thee well!
"Thou art and yet art not a Priest;
"Old Scarba's Chief in monkish cell,
"With sackcloth on the warrior's breast.
"He who would wear the eagle's plume,
"Must with the daring eagle fly,
"And he who would the claymore wield,
"Should never quail to mortal eye.
"Ha!—dost thou fear? No craven monk
"I want to shrive Dunallen's Lord!
"For he who hears my tale of blood,
"Must be as brave as is my sword.
"Away with prayers! away with beads!
"They soothe the vulgar ear and mind—
"I sent for Father WINDERMEDE,
"To speak unto as to a friend.

"My tale is long, but let thy ear ⁽²⁾
"Be like a watchful sentinel;
"And let thy lips be firmly sealed
"With silence as the gates of hell.

“Come near me—thou hast nought to fear!

“My hand is feeble, and like light

“Of flickering taper is my soul,

“That vanishes in darksome night.

“Yet ’t was not always so!—my spear

“Has made the bravest Saxon fly,

“And I have seen the boldest quail

“Before my dark and fearless eye!

“But to my tale: ’T was long ago,

“Perhaps about two score of years,

“Since my brave brother joined his King,

“Surrounded by five hundred spears.

“The Saxon foe had cross’d the Tweed,

“And swept our land with sword and flame;

“DUNALLEN, with his clansmen bold,

“Sought glory, or a deathless name.

“I, like a laggard, stayed behind,

“As guardian of his youthful heir,

“Companion of his peerless bride,

“The lovely EMMA, of Glenair.

“But how I kept that priceless trust,

“Go ask the dark, deep, rolling sea;

“But whisper not the damning tale

“Which ocean’s wave may tell to thee!

“Look, Father! look!—that gathering cloud

“Which o’er Dunallen’s castle glooms,

“Enwraps within its sable shroud

“Their spirits from their lonely tombs!

“Hark!—did you hear that piercing shriek?

“Hark!—did you hear that thrilling cry?

“You tremble, Father! Save her child!

“O! soothe a mother’s agony!

- "I cannot bear the dreadful sight—
 "My eyeballs burn with inward fire!
"But save them, Father, ere they sink,
 "And in dark ocean's wave expire!
- "Away! away!—'t is phantasy!
 "'T is childish, thus to be unman'd;
"But grief and pain have made my mind
 "Feeble as is the willow wand.
"You know DUNALLEN ne'er returned—
 "No trophy of his sword or shield
"In triumph came. He, with his King,
 "Fell upon Flodden's fatal field.
"Six months I mourn'd in weeds of woe,
 "As mourns the falcon o'er the dove,
"Then donned DUNALLEN's eagle's plume,
 "And claimed fair EMMA's hand and love.
"As shrinks the sweet and tender flower
 "Before chill winter's freezing breath,
"So shrank she from my fond embrace,
 "Loathing, as from the touch of Death.
"‘Begone, base wretch!’ she proudly said;
 "‘Dunallen's heir is by my side:
"‘And were he not, I would not wed
 "‘Thy guileful hand, or be thy bride.’
"Stung to the core, I sought revenge.—
 "Ha! dost thou start? Stay, old man, stay!
"I sought revenge—and found it, too.
 "As serpent lures its heedless prey,
"Where'er she went I watch'd her steps—
 "At morn, at night, in bower, in hall,
"Like shadow, turning with the sun,
 "Her griefs and joys, I knew them all.

“This castle’s wall is steep and high,
“None, save the eagle, dares its height;
“Its dungeons silent as the grave,
“And cold as is the winter’s night.
“This was her bower, and, with her child,
“She watched the summer’s flower decay,
“And autumn’s gorgeous robes grow dim,
“And, chilled by winter, fade away.
“Twelve months she mourn’d her absent lord,
“With heart as lone as weeds of woe,
“Until her eye had lost its fire.
“Her cheek assumed the shade of snow;
“And many a scheme she vainly tried
“To ’scape this lonely fatal tower.—
“How vain the thought!—I watch’d her steps
“From morn ’till midnight’s dreary hour.

“At length, on such a night as this,
“When ocean’s waves ran mountains high,
“When thunders rolled along the hill,
“And lightnings flash’d athwart the sky,
“Fair EMMA sought the boatman’s cot,
“ (Dark HAMISH, with the scowling brow,)
“And bade him man his swiftest boat,
“For she must ocean’s billows plough;
“And down before the surly wight
“She threw a purse of glittering gold,
“As earnest of her bounteousness,
“And wish to leave DUNALLEN’S hold.
“‘To-night,’ she said, ‘I must away
“‘To fam’d Iona’s sacred shrine,
“‘And there in penitence to mourn
“‘O’er hopes and joys that once were mine.

“‘I have a vow that must be paid
“‘Before the morning lights the sky;
“‘Then man thy swiftest boat with speed!
“‘That o’er the billows I may fly.’

“The night was dark, and fearfully
“The wind roared ’midst the leafless trees.
“’T was vain to think the boatman’s bark
“Could live upon the stormy seas.
“‘Stay, lady! stay!’ dark HAMISH said,
“‘Until the storm subsides awhile;
“‘No boat could ride these angry waves,
“‘Nor reach Iona’s sacred Isle.
“‘To-morrow, when the storm is past,
“‘My bark I’ll man without delay,
“‘And land thee on Iona’s shore
“‘Ere night enshrouds the star of day.’
“But still she cried—‘Haste, boatman, haste!
“‘I may not stay until the morn;
“‘Iona’s Saint will guard our bark,
“‘And guide us safely thro’ the storm.’

“How vain the plan!—she deem’d that sleep
“Had with its opiate sealed my eyes;
“And, having bribed my swiftest boat,
“Would brave the dangers of the skies.
“Dark lower’d the clouds, the gentle moon
“With silver horn scarce lit the sky,
“And not one single star was seen
“To guide the boatman’s wistful eye.
“I knew it all—I plann’d the scheme,
“’T was I unfurl’d the fluttering sail,

- “’T was I who made the boatman speed,—
“But not to St. Columba’s isle.
“Old man, it was a fearful hour
“When EMMA left DUNALLEN’s tower,
“And with her favorite, only child,
“Embarked upon the ocean wild!
“Days, months, and years have o’er me past,
“Yet still I hear that stormy blast;
“I see the dark, deep, foaming sea
“Writhing in dreadful agony!
“And far upon its crested wave
“A fragile bark, at random driven,
“With broken oar and sailless mast,—
“A prey unto the winds of Heaven.
“I saw it all; I heard the cry
“Of deep despair—of agony,
“When darkness, as with sable shroud,
“Enwrapt them in the thunder-cloud,
“And the wild shriek rose o’er the gale,
“When deep beneath the foaming wave,
“DUNALLEN’s bride and only child
“Sank to their lone and watery grave.
“None, none survived the morning’s light,
“To tell the dangers of that night;
“But long the maids of Oransay,
“In plaintive numbers, mourn’d their doom,
“And ocean’s sea-nymphs love to strew
“With fairest flowers their lonely tomb.
- “My tale is done, my race is run—
“DUNALLEN leaves no child or heir;
“Last of his line, like blasted tree,
“Which fruit, nor leaves, nor branches bear.

“My tale is done, my race is run,
“And long before another sun,
“DUNALLEN, with his broken brand,
“Alone must brave death’s gloomy land,
“And cross that dark and stormy sea
“Which bounds the dread eternity!
“You whisper pardon.—Father, no!
“Dunallen’s Lord no pardon craves:
“The ocean’s wave, the mountain’s snow,
“In vain would wash his blood-stain’d grave.
“Alone he lived, alone he’ll die,
“Like eagle of his native sky,
“And fearless meet the gathering storm,
“By Church, or Priest unshrived, unshorn!”

Awe-struck, the aged Father knelt,
With outstretched hands and glist’ning eye,
And breathed a warm and fervent prayer
To Him who rules the earth and sky:
“Father of Heaven! thy list’ning ear
“Hast heard the wild, the dreadful tale;
“With Thee I leave the guilty soul,
“To save it, or to send to Hell!”

Not sooner said, than blacker still
The glooming thunder swept the hill,
And, like a ship when tempest toss’d,
DUNALLEN’s castle felt the shock,
And from its summit to its base,
Trembled upon its sea-girt rock.
One shriek, one wild and piercing cry
Of grief, of heart-felt agony

Was heard to rise above the storm,
As 't were some sinner's parting breath —
As if some heart surcharged with crime
Was struggling in the pangs of death.
And such it was, — for on the morn
A blacken'd corpse, all scorched and torn,
Was found within Lord RANNALD's hall,
As if consumed by lightning:
For the same bolt that shook the wall,
Threw o'er the Chief its fiery wing,
Leaving behind, as blackened scroll,
What once contained his guilty soul.

NOTES TO DUNALLEN.

- (1) "And bid the boatman haste with speed
To St. Columba's sacred Isle."

St. Columba, or Iona, an island lying on the western coast of Scotland, celebrated for its ancient ruins, venerable by years, and the sacred offices for which they were dedicated. About the middle of the sixth century, St. Columba founded a monastery on the island, and endeavored to diffuse the light of Christianity among the western Islanders; and so famous did this seat of learning become, that teachers were taken from it to the seminaries of England, and missionary expeditions planned and executed to Norway and Russia.

Here, it is said, are the tombs of forty-eight Kings of Scotland, eight of Norway, four of Ireland, and one of France; and many of the West Insular Chiefs chose it as their last resting place, where their ashes might repose in safety. The ruins are extensive, but the style of architecture is rude, and the sculptures, although numerous, are grotesque in design and execution.

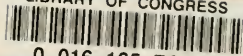
- (2) "My tale is long," &c.

This tale is founded on the following tradition, current among the western Islanders: During the reign of James IV. of Scotland, one of the Chiefs of the Isles, along with five hundred of his clan, joined the King at the battle of Flodden, so fatal to the glory and happiness of Scotland, and fell in the battle. Few, or almost none of his followers survived their Chief. On the news of the disastrous result of the engagement, Rannald, brother to the Chief who was supposed to have fallen, assumed the Chieftainship of the

clan, setting aside the title of the infant heir of the fallen Chief; and his mother refusing to marry the usurper, both were imprisoned by him in the strong tower of Dunallen, and from which attempting to escape to Iona, they were overtaken by a storm and drowned. Lord Rannald lived a life of blood and crime, rumor assigning to him an agency in the death of his relatives. He was killed by lightning, when in the act of confession to his Priest, asserted to have been the elder brother, who survived the slaughter of his countrymen, but returning in grief to his native islands, and finding his wife and child dead, and his brother in possession of his estate, retired to Iona and assumed the cloister, under the name of Father Windermede.

David McKim
Jardin capois
Jardina

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 749 9

